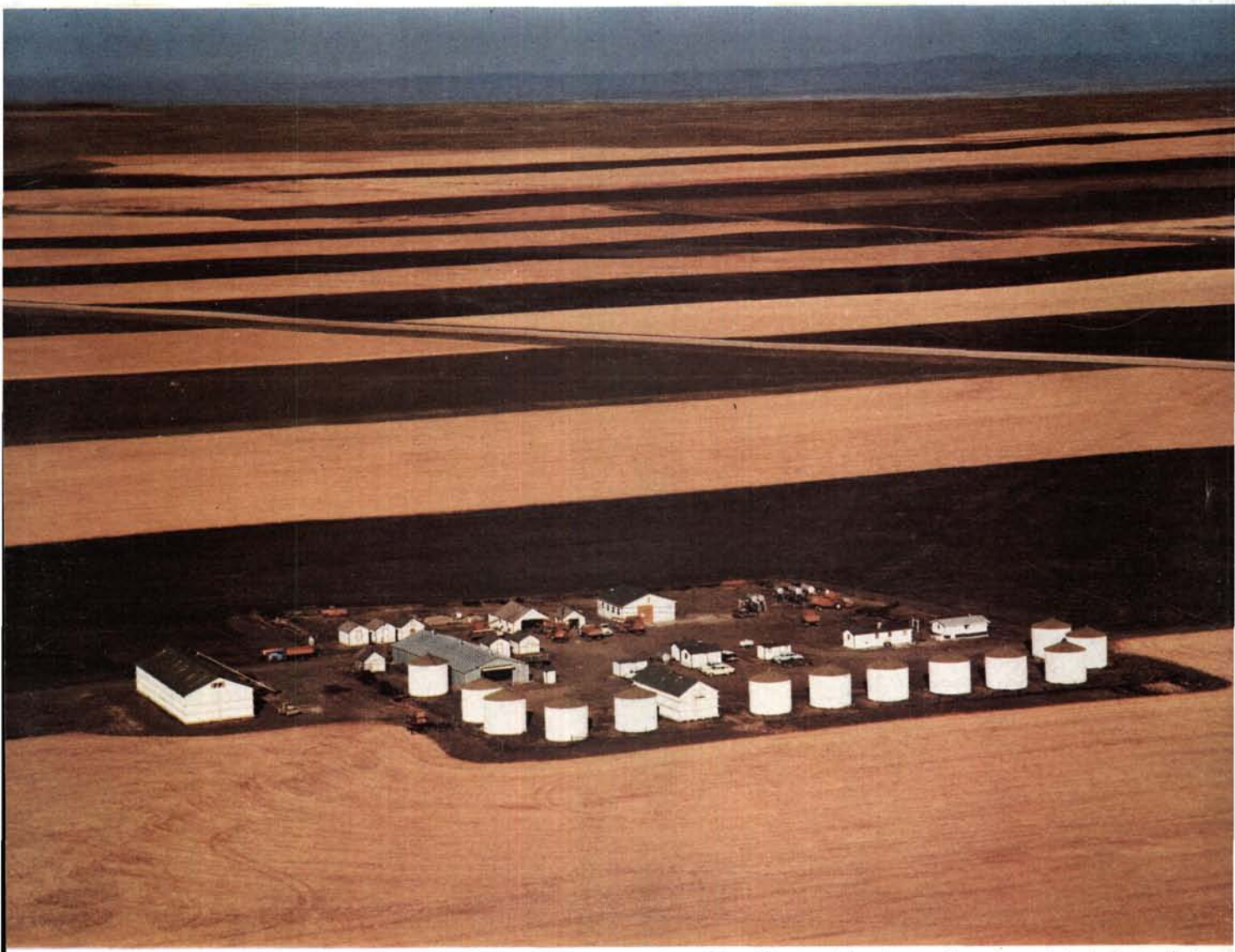
Saturday Review

August 28, 1965 25¢



ranaries, Alberta," by George Hunter (See "The Questing Camera," page 33, with special color section on aerial photography)

RECORDINGS

HOW I BECAME A DANCER

By Martha Graham

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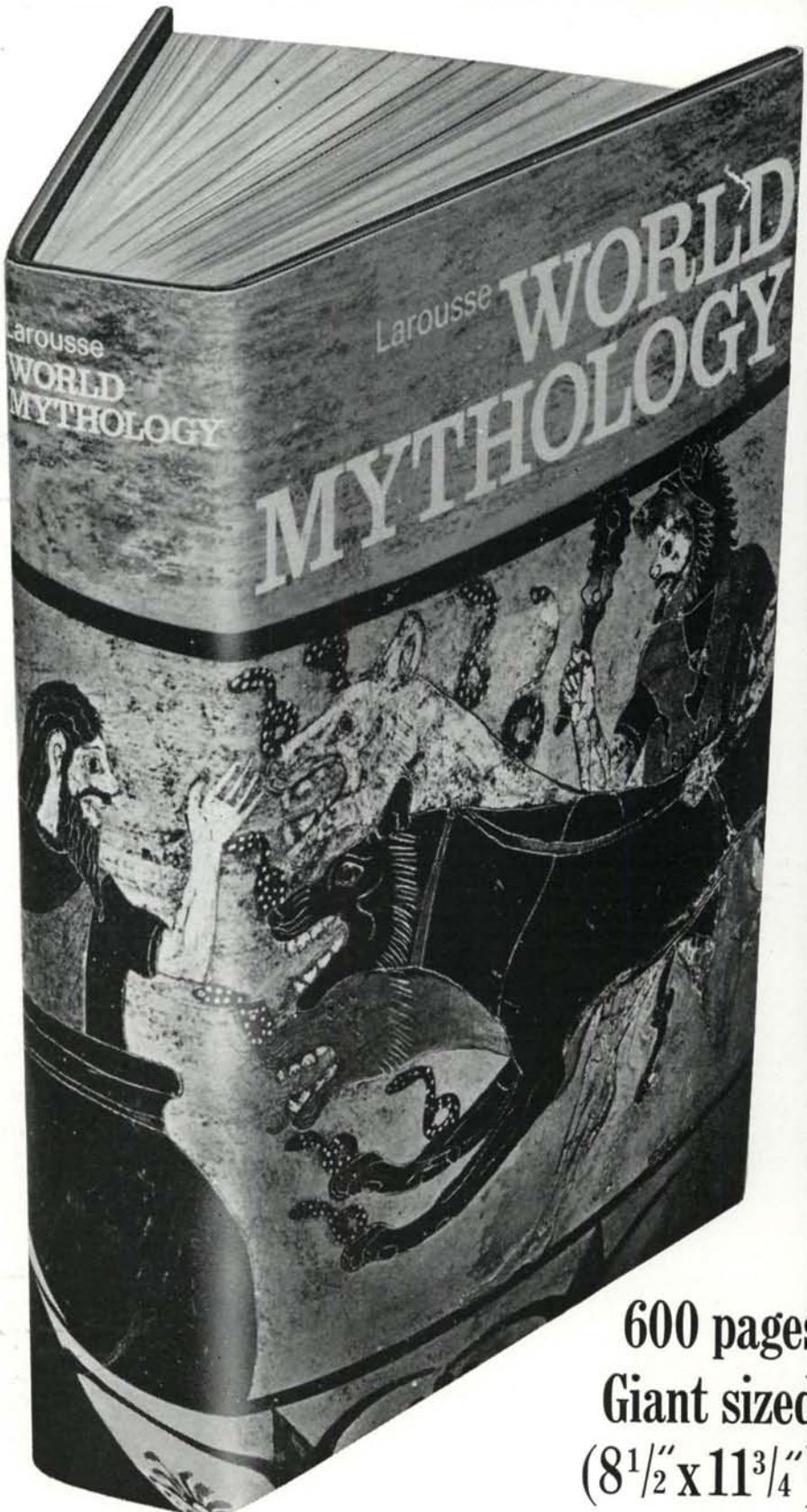

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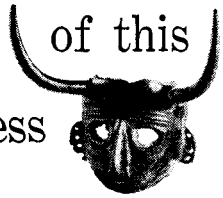

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Saturday Review

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August 28, 1965

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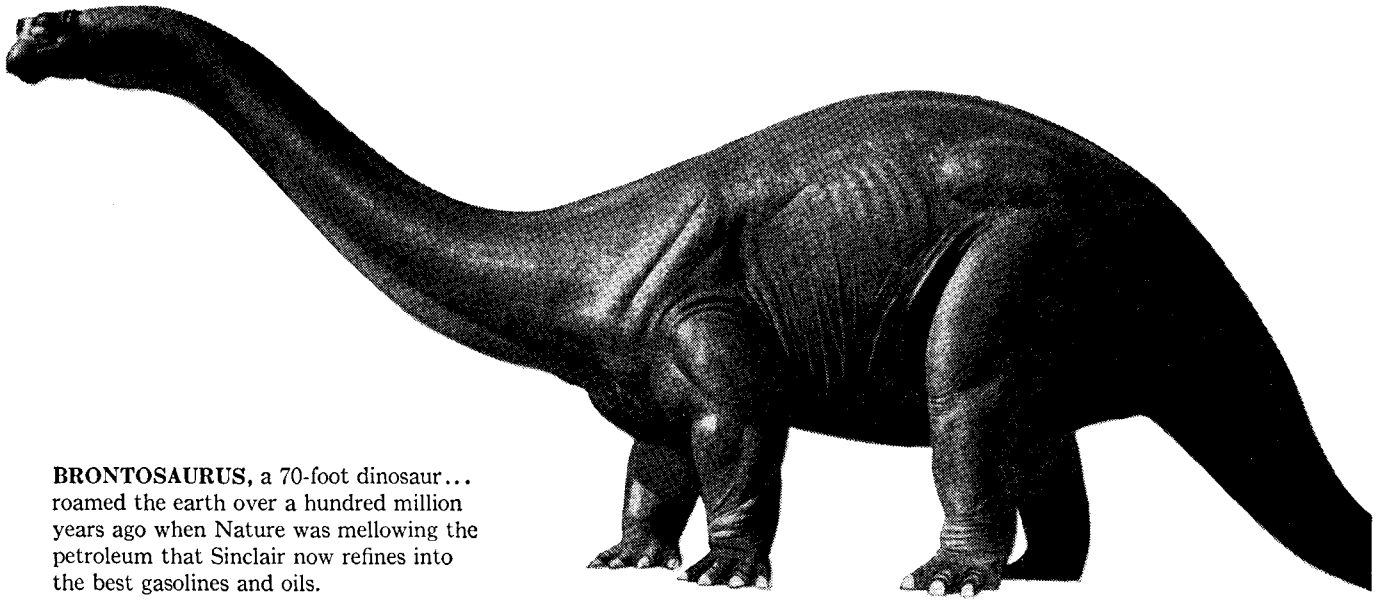
(See them in Sinclair Dinoland at the World's Fair)



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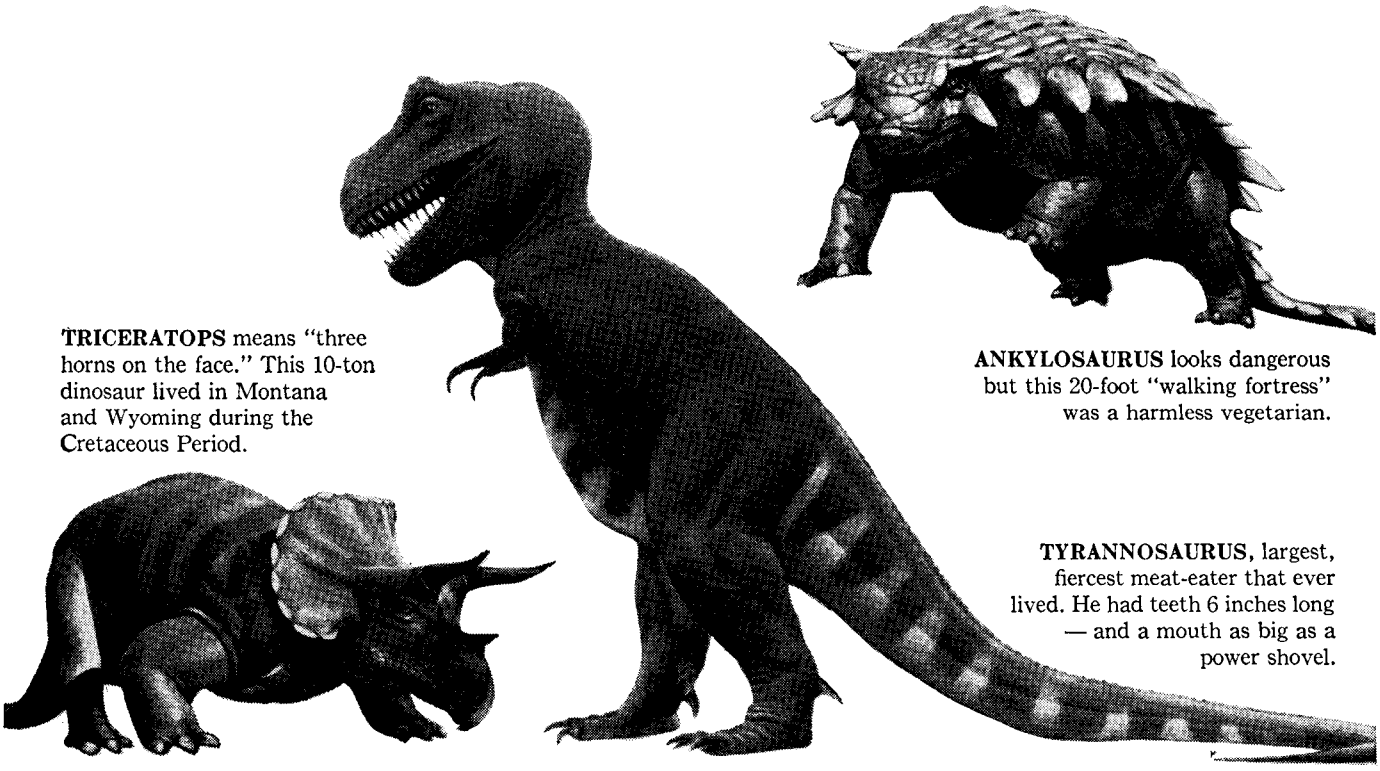

TRICERATOPS means "three horns on the face." This 10-ton dinosaur lived in Montana and Wyoming during the Cretaceous Period.

ANKYLOSAURUS looks dangerous but this 20-foot "walking fortress" was a harmless vegetarian.

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Lovers' guide to Surprising Amsterdam

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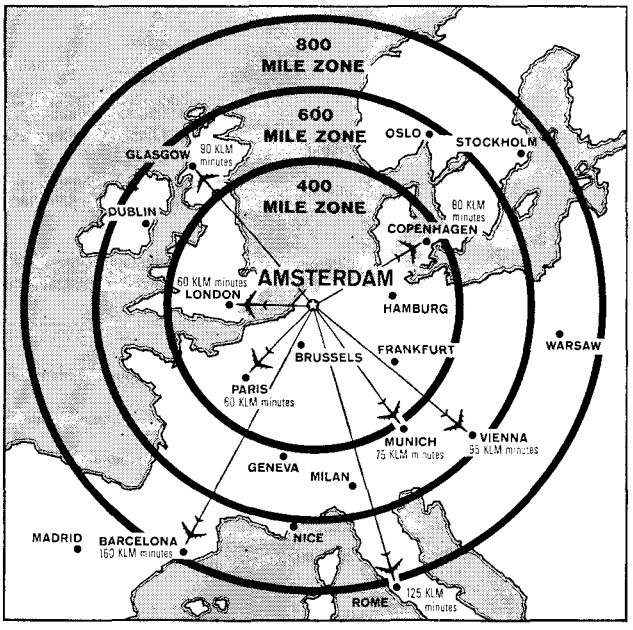

Amsterdam, the hub of Europe. One of Amsterdam's first surprises, for many people, is its location.

Look at the map. Amsterdam isn't "way up north" at all. It's smack in the *middle* of Europe's liveliest cities—London, Glasgow, Paris, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Brussels, Rome. Amsterdam is the ideal place to *begin* your European tour.

When you're ready to move on, Amsterdam offers superb transportation. Reliable KLM can whisk you to any of 39 European cities. (Note sample flying times on map.) Thirty express trains depart *daily*. You can leave by car (rentals start at $3.75 a day plus 6½ cents a mile) or bus. Or *cruise* through Europe along the Rhine.

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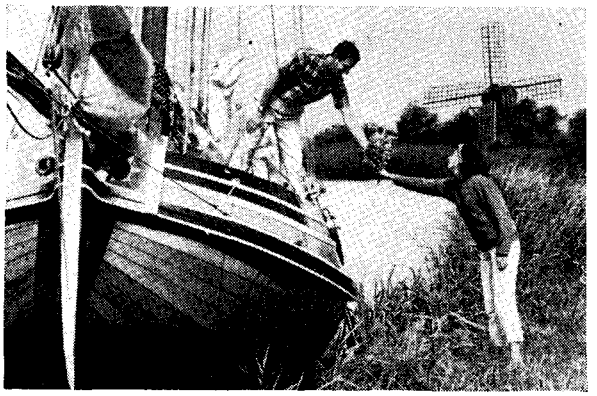

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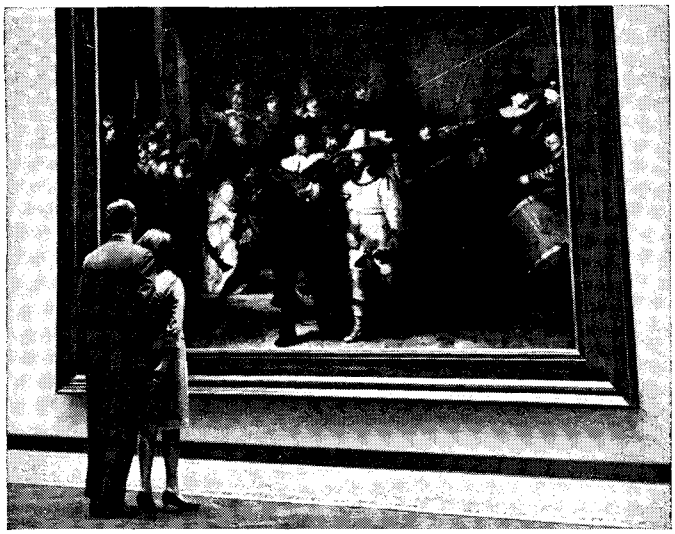
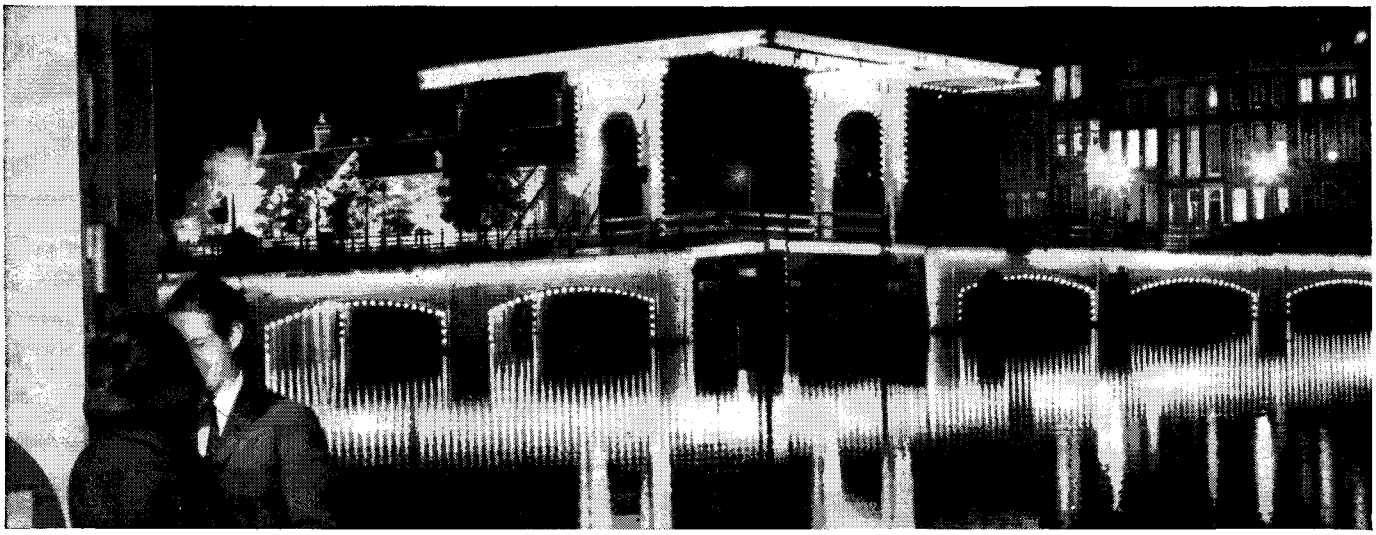


Beautiful art treasures. Rembrandt's "Night Watch" (above) is the most valuable painting ever put on canvas. You can see this and 3,000 other paintings at the Rijksmuseum (say "Rikes-museum") for 15 cents. There are *forty* museums in all.

Delightful food. These newlyweds are discovering "Rijsttafel" —a 21-dish feast that costs as little as $3 *per couple*. In Amsterdam, you can go on a dining spree in 12 different languages—*at 300 fine restaurants.*



Romantic bridges. There are 636 of them for lovers to make wishes on. One of the liveliest: the 295-year-old Magere Brug above. By the way, did you know that Amsterdam has *twice* as many miles of canals as Venice?

Intriguing castles. Above is the gate to Castle DeHaar, one of 12 castles within an hour's drive of Amsterdam. Some have guest rooms where you may stay for only $4 a night.

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Camp One Track

NOW that my friends' children have begun to return from the lakes and the dude ranches, I've discovered that children's camps have not been spared in this age of specialization, and the days of the all-around camp are vanishing fast. I mean that in the old days, after a summer at Camp Beaverdam, a youngster came home, having learned something about tent-pitching, rowing, swimming, lifesaving, campfire-building, hiking, nature lore, knot-tying, cooking—and even how to cope with rattlesnakes in a pinch.

But today most camps specialize in one activity. Take Jimmy Hegan, who lives a few houses down the street. When he came home he had forgotten how to tie his necktie, make his bed, and brush his teeth. He didn't know a landlocked salmon from a chipmunk or a Norway spruce from a clump of poison ivy. He returned utterly indifferent to such normal twelve-year-old interests as baseball, swimming, and pillow-fighting.

But Jimmy had gone to Camp Baseline, which specializes in tennis—and I mean *exclusively*—and before my amazed eyes he demonstrated his ability to hit 378 backhands across the net and into the court before missing. His parents are hoping that by mid-November he'll remember how to rake leaves again.

Polly Sanderson went to Camp Martingale, which, as you might expect, specializes in horseback riding. When the new management took over the old general camp it threw out all the canoes, all the fishing equipment, and all the tents and cabins. With a bulldozer it removed all traces of the softball, archery, and Morris dancing areas. Martingale now consists 50 per cent of bridle paths and 50 per cent of stables—where each girl sleeps in her horse's stall to achieve more rapport. Polly's parents haven't yet been able to get her to ride in a car or bus, but they're hoping that by the time the Christmas parties come around, she won't insist on going to them on horseback.

And we have also learned of Camp Buskin, which puts kids through a really thorough course in acting—including makeup, double-takes, and how to counter upstaging. You should see Billy Hathaway. He's lost thirteen pounds, his complexion is the color of buttermilk, his teeth seem to be dropping out, and I think he's got rickets. In fact, he might be the unhealthiest youngster in town, but you never saw a nine-year-old boy who can recite Mercutio's Queen Mab speech like Billy.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

Camping Out

Boy Treats Girl

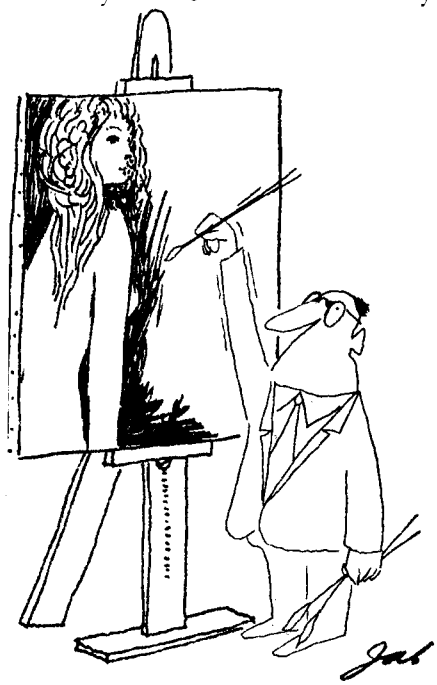
I met a girl at a bar. She sat on the very next seat.
I bought her gins and tonic, and schwepped her off her feet.

—WILL CONWAY.

Do Try to Live With The American Way of Death

I HAVE a suspicion that it is only the survivors who are complaining about the wasteful expenses of burial. America can well afford luxurious funerals, if only to prove it is the richest country in the world. But, paradoxically, poor people in poor countries are the most generous in spending on the dead. It is unthinkable among the poor to try to save money and thereby put a dent on the honor of the deceased.

In my poor old country (China), for example, funerals were as a rule more extravagant than weddings. When my grandfather died—long before the present pragmatism—his funeral was a forty-nine-day affair, during which many mouths of mourning friends and relatives had to be fed. Waiting to be viewed by the late arrivals from faraway



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Yet how can one possibly find time these days to master the meaning and use of a *coda... fugue... triad... harmonic minor scale?* Or learn to follow a symphony with the orchestra score on your lap?

Fortunately, there is another, far easier way to get more out of good music. There are many things you can learn about music which can deepen your enjoyment *without* requiring technical knowledge or study. You can steep yourself in the *lore* of music that adds immeasurably to your enjoyment of memorable recordings.

This is the guiding principle of a unique new confraternity of music lovers, THE VIRTUOSO CONCERT SOCIETY.

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But the package you receive from the Virtuoso Concert Society goes far beyond this. With each two-record Concert Album you also receive a spectacular 9" x 12" volume, hardbound in beautiful gold-stamped black buckram to match your album. This beautiful book contains about a dozen fascinating articles related to the music, lavishly illustrated with photographs, drawings, period etchings and engravings, and brilliant full-color reproductions of great paintings. Its pages bring to life the exciting world of music, past and present.

You delve into the stories behind the creation and the performance of the music. You learn of the ideals, disappointments, struggles and achievements in the lives of the composers and virtuosos. You come to share the keen insights of renowned musicologists. You immerse yourself in the whole culture from which the music springs.

Then when you listen to the music itself, you will experience emotional nuances you might otherwise have missed. You'll discover how rewarding it is to be an *informed* listener . . . able to listen appreciatively to and talk intelligently about the music you deeply enjoy.

Find out free what it can mean to you

The best way to appreciate what this can mean to you and your family is to sample the first package free of charge.

The featured virtuoso is Otto Klemperer, conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra in the widely acclaimed performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. This recording—called by one British critic "the greatest recording of the century for me"—climaxes the career of a conductor considered by many the greatest living interpreter of Beethoven.

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You will be taken on a map-and-picture guided tour of the musical landmarks of Beethoven's Vienna. You will read the story of the circumstances leading to Beethoven's creation of the mighty *Ninth*. You will read letters of Beethoven, and firsthand memories of him by his friends. You will read the life story and the poetry of Friedrich von Schiller, whose *Ode to Joy* was set to such magnificent music in Beethoven's great symphony. And much more—illustrated with drawings, photographs, period etchings, full-color paintings.

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places, my grandfather's body remained in the house for five days before it was enclosed in the casket. Buddhist monks, nuns, and Taoist priests were hired each day to render prayer services, and mourners streamed in and out of the house to pay their last respects. Meals were provided by catering services and some relatives lodged with us until the fifth day, when my grandfather was sent off to the cemetery in a long procession of pageantry that included bands of Chinese and Western-style musicians. My father was a proud person; he wouldn't be subject to the gossip that he was niggardly in spending money on the last journey of my grandfather.

But that wasn't all. For the next seven weeks, on each consecutive seventh day, a memorial service was held, and monks, nuns, and priests were hired for the occasion. Again, people from near and far came and mouths had to be fed. When on the forty-ninth day the altar was finally removed, my father, if not in debt, had exhausted most of his savings and what little inheritance my grandfather had left him.

Times change. Years later my grandmother's funeral was not nearly as elaborate—a result of the war. Then, a few years ago, my mother's funeral, I was told, had come down to the barest possible necessity under the Red regime—though she did have a coffin of fine quality, which she had had custom-made long before she had approached old age.

I personally care little about the high cost of dying. It's the high cost of living that's getting me now.

—Timothy Tung.

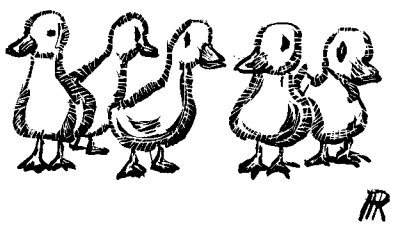
Hero Sandwiches

The National Aeronautics & Space Administration has prohibited "corned beef sandwich incidents such as the one that occurred in the recent Gemini space flight of Maj. Virgil I. Grissom and Lt. Comdr. John W. Young." —UPI.

No goodies for the astronauts
They've got to stick to pills,
Too much corned beef in outer space
Might bring on earthly ills.

So take your food in capsules, men,
And leave the treats below
Spit out the last banana split
When systems all are "go."

—Sumner Putnam.



Chess Corner—No. 96

THE King's Fianchetto Defense is 1 . . . P-KN3 in reply to any White move. In the recent tournament at Zagreb, Yugoslavia, the Danish grand master, Bent Larsen, one of the candidates for the role of challenger to the world title, essayed this defense against the American grand master Arthur Bisguier and thereby reaped the whirlwind.

In classical style, Bisguier establishes a strong central pawn front, and with 9 P-B5 initiates a withering assault.

With 11 . . . PxP, Black wins a Pawn. But this is his last solace before suffering a painful intrusion. Note that 12 . . . BxB 13 QxB, followed by N-N5, establishes a White mating net.

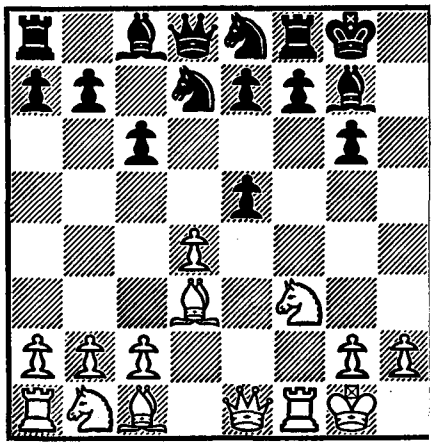
Black's comparative blunder is 12 . . . N/1-B3. Better is 12 . . . N/2-B3. After 13 N-N5, however, there is no plausible move for the defender; 13 . . . N-K4 is no worse than anything else.

If 14 . . . BxR 15 B-N7 wins. Likewise, if 14 . . . PxR 15 B-N7 wins. Black's chief problem before playing 14 . . . B-R1 is whether to resign. But he enjoys a rather forlorn hope. If White continues hastily with 15 B-N7, then . . . KxB 16 Q-R7ch, KxR, with a new life.

15 R-B1 accents the piece plus, and the crusher is 16 B-B8. If 16 . . . KxB 17 QxB mate. If 16 . . . RxB 17 Q-R7 mate.

ROBATSCH DEFENSE

Bisguier White		Larsen Black	
1 P-Q4	P-KN3	6 O-O	QN-Q2
2 P-K4	B-N2	7 P-K5	N-K1
3 P-KB4	P-Q3	8 Q-K1	P-QB3
4 N-KB3	N-KB3	9 P-B5	QPxP
5 B-Q3	O-O	10 BPxP	RPxP



11 Q-R4	PxP	16 B-B8	B-B3
12 B-KR6	N/1-B3	17 RxB	PxR
13 N-N5	N-K4	18 Q-R6	RxB
14 RxN	B-R1	19 Q-R7 mate	
15 R-B1	R-K1		

—Al Horowitz.

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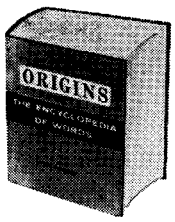

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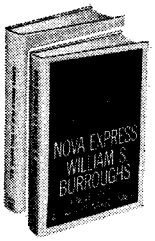

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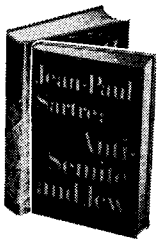

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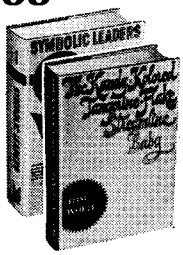

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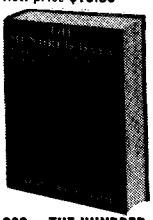

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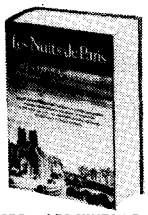

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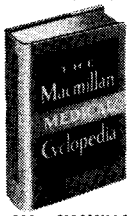

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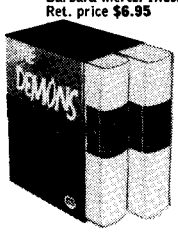

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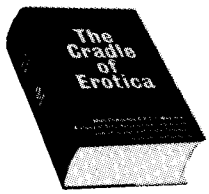

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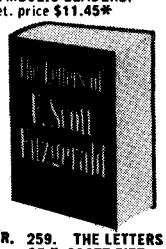

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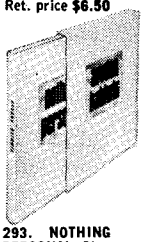

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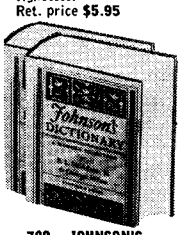

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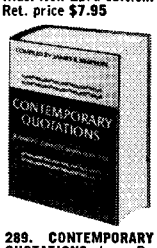

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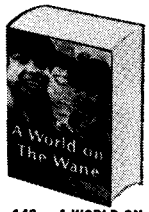

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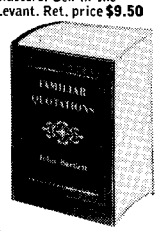

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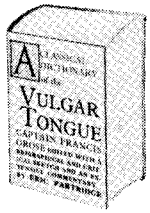

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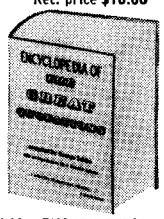

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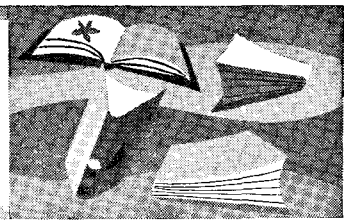
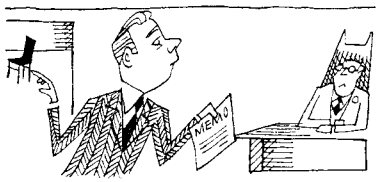


The president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Frank Stanton, recently wrote a memo to one out of ten of the more than 2,000 employees who have moved into the new CBS building at 51 West Fifty-second Street in New York. Noting that the building was not complete, he asked the recipients of the notes for "help and suggestions you can give me on getting us all settled and happy in our new home."

I am sure he has had an earful by this time. People around town have been listening for weeks to the stories about that structure. There is a long list of



regulations governing behavior there: you can't order your lunch brought in, you can't hang anything on the walls, you can't have any live flowers or plants on your desk, etc. You can't rearrange your furniture without getting written permission. One man got ready for a conference at which he was to exhibit kinescopes of television shows. He got the viewer ready and called, "Lights out!" That's when he discovered there was no light switch in his office. When he asked for a chair to stand on, so he could unscrew the bulb, he was told it would require two inter-office memos, one to move the chair and another for permission to touch the bulb.

The elevators were in a bad state, the last time I was in that building. A man told me he waited nine minutes to get a ride. One morning at 9:20 a gang of arrivals crowded onto an elevator at the ground floor. They all pushed the buttons for their various floors and the doors closed. Then all the buttons snapped back to neutral, the lights went out and the car started going up, up, up, nonstop. It halted at the thirty-fifth floor and the doors opened to reveal complete darkness. (That's the floor for the top brass, who, wisely enough, had not yet moved in.) Before the riders could decide what to do, the doors closed and the car went down again. At the main floor the doors opened, and a mob of employees waiting impatiently for their chance to go up were startled to see the car already jammed with white-faced colleagues.

The new CBS building has walls of glass. You have to have a steel nerve to walk to the edge if you're up very high. One executive on a top floor keeps the horizontal floor-to-ceiling slats half closed at all times, because when he looks out and down he gets dizzy and falls out of his desk chair. The only advantage of glass that has come to my attention is that the boys in the Sperry Rand building across the street have come to know some of the CBS girls rather well, since every move the young ladies make is open to the public. On at least one occasion a girl was taken to lunch by a guy from across the void. He started printing huge signs such as, "What Is Your Extension?" She replied with her own encouraging signals, whereupon she received a dozen phone calls, since she could be observed by eager fellows on quite a few levels on the other side.

I hope this is the kind of information Frank Stanton can make use of.

On a trip to Europe with a friend, Mary Franklin of Toledo, Ohio, stopped

for the night at a hotel in Lucerne, Switzerland, in a bathless room. To save time in the morning, Mrs. Franklin sponged off while her traveling companion accompanied the maid with the bath key down the hall. As they checked out, the hotel clerk, preparing the bill, asked in stentorian tones, echoing through the marble lobby:

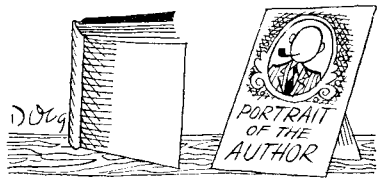
"Which of you ladies took the bath?"

Last year when Hoagy Carmichael had his autobiography published he called it *Sometimes I Wonder,* familiar words from the song *Stardust.* At the time I thought it put Mitchell Parish at a slight disadvantage if *he* wanted to write the story of *his* life. After all, Mitchell Parish is the man who wrote all the words for *Stardust,* and they are his. He did the lyrics for many tunes, from *Deep Purple* to *Volare.* Now Richmond Publishing Company has brought out a little book of Parish's verse which shows how nicely he puts words together. He calls it *For Those in Love,* but sometimes I wonder if he would have preferred a different title.

Sharps and Flats: Medicine is faced with another baffling new disease. It's called "Something." I don't know the Latin name for it. It occurs in the winter mostly, and when you telephone the doctor to describe it to him, he says, "Oh, yes, there's Something going around. Take two aspirin and phone me again in the morning."

► Herewith is the first paragraph of a news item from the Newark (Ohio) *Advocate*: "Dr. J. C. Pickett showed a film and talked on removing and transporting injured persons to a dinner and business meeting of District 13 of Ohio Funeral Directors Association."

► There has been speculation on the identity of Anthony Gray, author of the controversial pro-Air Force best-seller, *The Penetrators.* Reviewers, trade pub-



lications, and Pentagon officials have all declared that Anthony Gray is a pseudonym for the well-known author Ernest K. Gann. Gann and Putnam's, the publishers, have "categorically denied" that he wrote *The Penetrators,* which is exactly what they would say if he had written the book, so where are we?

► When something is described as a *tour de force,* that usually means it's no good.

► A lot of intimate stuff about the late President Kennedy is being bandied about, and the most amazing so far is from Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, his former secretary, in *My 12 Years with Kennedy,* in which she says that when he was a bachelor Senator he had her call his girl friends to ask them for a date. That may have been good politics but was it good manners?

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1637)

(Stephen) Becker:

A COVENANT WITH DEATH

The hangman has never been in demand socially, and the old custom of hiding him behind a black mask was a good one. With the mask, he was anonymous, could do his day's work and go home and tell his friends he'd been fishing; without it, he had no friends.

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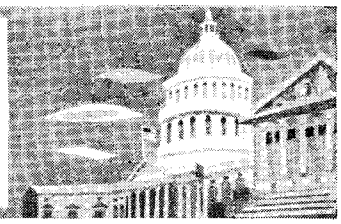
State of Affairs



The Computer and the Pork Barrel

THE COMPUTER is gaining ground in the Johnson Administration. With a President hell-bent on cutting budgets and saving the taxpayer's dollar, with the overwhelming success of Mr. McNamara's cost-efficiency methods in the Department of Defense, with a government so sprawling and with so much money to spend, it is hardly surprising that President Johnson is tempted to try throughout the Administration what worked so well in one quarter.

The center of this new onslaught by computer is the Budget Bureau. And the man promoting and directing it is Henry Rowen, an import from the Defense Department, one of the most brilliant and well-tested of "whiz-kids," and now assistant director of the Bureau of the Budget. He is confident that the campaign will have a salutary effect, though he is well aware of the obviously greater limitations of the cold cost-efficiency techniques when applied outside as technical a department as Defense. But in a capital where there's a good deal of loose thinking about the spending of money, it can do no harm, as Budget Director Charles Schultze told the fiscal policy group of the Joint Economic Committee, "to deepen our understanding about objectives and measures of effectiveness, and to develop increasingly better alternatives."

Water projects, for one, are cited as a good example. Economists have made interesting calculations about the costs and benefits of projects for flood control, irrigation, electric power, and such. But the benefits are often difficult to determine because the calculations are influenced, more often than not, by the so-called pork-barrel political interests rather than by cost efficiency.

The Poverty Program is another paradise to be abused for local political advantages rather than shaped for the shortest route to best results. Sargent Shriver, who already has troubles enough with the organization of this program, has engaged the Provost of Williams College, Joseph Kershaw, as his cost-efficiency expert. It may help not only to get him the most for his money but to protect him from political pressures.

To use another practical example, there are the Job Corps camps. Let us assume certain criteria are set for admission, which lead to the acceptance of only the most promising candidates. These young people, as a consequence, are likely to get high marks and walk away with the jobs. But that in itself is apparently no guarantee that the Job Corps is altogether effective. What it could mean, the experts say, is that there is a "criteria problem." There may be sound reason, they think, for including children who are less bright from the start. The point here is that if you combine levels of talent and intelligence, the lower with the higher, it may heighten the general effectiveness of the camps by encouraging the less qualified to reach for higher standards—even if in the end the over-all results are less impressive. It is for the experts to find the right "criteria," the efficiency men argue.

Another promising target for the economy drive is the Department of Justice. Oddly enough, much of the overcrowding of the courts can be put down to too many cases being filed by the government. Last year alone these amounted to 61,362, which represents a substantial number of all cases—both government and civil—brought before the courts, many of which involved only minor offenses and small fines.

The question now being asked is whether a shift in administrative procedures would not allow quicker disposition of these cases. Mr. Ramsay Clark, Attorney General in charge of the Lands Division of the Department of Justice, has already made certain procedural changes allowing him to reduce the number of his department's cases. In the past it has always been argued that crowded calendars can be solved only by employing more judges, but the efficiency experts are convinced that the only hope of speeding up justice is in administrative changes.

Still another fertile area for deeper analysis is the $4 billion highway program. The experts say that no thorough analysis of all the alternatives to the present scheme has yet been made, and that this is brought about in some measure by the activities of the powerful highway lobby. Plans are now underway for a special analysis group at the Department of Commerce to examine the full range of alternative ideas as well as

"The legislative committee has made a thorough study, sir. In the case of your incapacity, things will go on exactly as they did before."

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the technological advances recently made. At any rate, fresh plans will be needed in 1972 when the current highway program comes to an end.

Much apparently can also be done in education, through a more systematic development of alternatives and "indicators," to determine how funds can best be invested.

The cost-efficiency people think they even have a certain scope in the realm of foreign policy. They admit that foreign policies cannot be improved through the computer, but they believe that greater financial efficiency and a more systematic approach could be achieved by reaching a precise total of the American budget for each country. This would take in everything from economic, military, and technical assistance to the costs of cultural and scientific activities and would enable the ambassador for the area and the ranking State Department official concerned to know the total U.S. expenditure in each country, and whether any adjustments were necessary.

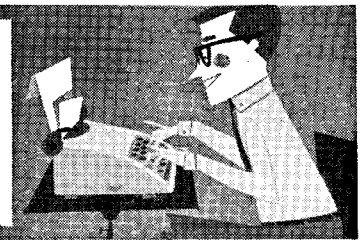
The mind boggles at the mere idea that the health or education program

should be tested by computer, that actual measurements or "indicators" can be developed to confirm their progress or lack of progress when so many human factors are involved. So far much of the "evaluation" has been done simply as a matter of sound management. But that is no longer good enough. With the mechanization at hand it is now possible to run government departments more systematically and with a new emphasis on efficiency. It should also be possible to produce alternative means of approaching a job as well as to determine the most cost-efficient one.

Program evaluations as such are not new, but rarely have they been made at top level as is being done in the Defense Department—a significant reason for so much progress. A similar approach is now gradually being introduced in other departments where program changes, under the direct authority of the head of the respective ministry, can then be evaluated quite explicitly in terms of services rendered and results gained.

With the advance of the computer throughout the government there may soon be no place to hide from its cold, objective, sometimes inhuman influence. Perhaps even the pork barrel will then have had its day. —Henry Brandon.

Top of My Head



Or Would You Rather Be a Fish?

ABOUT THIS time last season the TV columns were filled with wildly proclaimed prognostications of the excellence of the entertainment cooked up for us out California way. What became of those great shows is anybody's guess. I have a theory that the stewardesses on the planes that fly the films in here must have been doing a lot of rewriting and editing.

This year the crystal balls are at work again. I don't claim to be pythonic but the new season shapes up for a lot of improvement. There seems to have been a lot of heavy thinking and introspective inventories taken by the producers of television programs, and the plight of the home set owners will undoubtedly be alleviated.

There was one announcement in particular that augured well for the feeding and tender care of one of the new programs on CBS. It will be an hour of music and comedy hosted by Mr. Steve Lawrence, the good and personable singer. Mr. Lawrence in an interview said, and quite logically, that we always see the same guests on all variety shows. He's right. Actually many of these guests have overstayed their visits. But new big-name guests are scarcer than peacock's teeth. And when you're doing an hour show every week you are hard put to come up with a new personality who is expected not only to entertain but to draw away a good share of the viewers from the competitive programs.

Mr. Lawrence has a solution. The formula is a simple one: Give the old guest a new look. To give his first old guest, Miss Lucille Ball, a new look, he announced he will have her make her first entrance on an elephant! Wowee!

The hilarious complications that will follow Miss Ball's sidesaddling an elephant onto our TV screens need no detailing here. But I do think that Mr. Lawrence, usually a pretty good showman, defeated his purpose a teensy weensy bit by announcing in print that Miss Ball would arrive atop an elephant.

I hate to be niggling, but doesn't it seem to dissipate the impact of having Miss Ball come in by elephant when you announce in advance that Miss Ball will come in by elephant? I mean wouldn't it have been more in the interest of Wowee! had Mr. Lawrence announced that Miss Ball would *not* come on astride an elephant? Then when she did come on astraddle an elephant—*Wowee*!

But I niggle unnecessarily because it is a *fait accompli*. A few weeks ago publicity pictures were taken in midtown Manhattan of Miss Ball and the elephant. It drew quite a crowd. Mostly Mr. Jack (It Takes One to Know One) Leonard, who greeted the elephant with: "So this is what you do between elections!" And so the story and the pictures will make all the television pages. Remember you saw it here last.

HOWEVER, getting back to TV guests and new faces and new ways to enter them, a guest elephant is not exactly a new face. Neither is it an old face. But there is a similarity between elephants that may become a little old-snoot if used too often to bring on guests. I'm sure Mr. Lawrence has thought of this, and that many other exciting and different modes of transporting an old guest onto a TV screen have already been dreamed up which he has not yet confided to us.

Of course, elephants are more easily come by than lesser popular animals. And they work for peanuts. But if you want new and different faces the budget should accommodate faunae that have not been overexposed on television.

A brindled gnu is certainly new and makes for an elaborate entrance for any old face. Arriving by coach drawn by a brace of red pacas is another. Or entering on a tufted-eared lynx, or a Persian cheetah or a New Guinea kangaroo or a Ford Mustang.

The possibilities are limited only to the size of the zoo where Mr. Lawrence books his guests' transportation. But it should be made certain that in one of the cages there are a couple of homo sapiens; preferably comedy writers.

Incidentally, the entrance by elephant is not exactly a new idea. Some thirty years ago at the old Hippodrome, where the spectacular Billy Rose's *Jumbo* was presented, Jimmy Durante made his entrance astride an elephant. A stolen elephant. He was stopped by a policeman who looked up at Jimmy atop the elephant and suspiciously asked:

"Where did you get that elephant?"

Said Durante: "What elephant?"

—Goodman Ace.

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Saturday Review
August 28, 1965

MAN AND GOD IN DIALOGUE

A Preview of a Powerful New Drama by Nikos Kazantzakis

Nikos Kazantzakis (1885-1957) was the master Greek writer of the twentieth century and a towering world figure. His prodigious output includes books of poetry, fiction, drama, and philosophy, all suffused with the religious passion of a man who once suffered, or seems to have suffered, the stigmata. As with his medical history, there has been controversy over his religious views. His "Last Temptation of Christ" resulted in his excommunication from the Greek Orthodox Church. But whatever the attendant controversy, the central passion of all Kazantzakis's work is the passion to find man's relation to God, and it is that passion that informs "Sodom and Gomorrah," the prologue of which is here presented for the first time in English in a sensitively vigorous translation by Angelo James Skalafuris. The play will have its world premiere on November 11 at Columbia University in New York City. —JOHN CIARDI.

(Scenery: A black barren oak, strong, textured like freshly cut granite. Branches like the horns of a sacrificial animal)

VOICE OF GOD: Abram.

ABRAM: Lord, Your command?

VOICE OF GOD: Abram; take your sheep, your camels, your dogs, your menservants,
your maidservants, your wife, your son, and go!
Go, I have decided.

ABRAM: "Decided," Sir? From Your mouth, this means, "I shall kill."

VOICE OF GOD: Far too ecstatic are their hearts, far too impudent their brains.
Their bellies are bloated. I can bear them no longer.
As if immortal, they build houses of iron and stone.
They arm themselves with furnaces; light fires and melt metals.
I placed leprosy on the face of the earth—the desert.
That is the way I wanted it.
And down there in Sodom and Gomorrah;
they water, they manure and transform this desert into a garden.
I sent water into the depths of the earth.
They dig wells, lower, find it, and quickly raise it
from darkness into light. They furrow and enslave it.
Water, iron, stone, fire, these immortal elements become what they command.
I cannot endure them. They have eaten from the tree of knowledge;
they have plucked the apple. They shall die!

ABRAM: All of them, Lord?

VOICE OF GOD: All of them. Am I not omnipotent?

ABRAM: Sir, forgive me, I am but earth and water.
You breathed on me, and from that earth and water a soul sprouted.
I must speak. No, You are not omnipotent.
You are not almighty, Lord, because You are just.
You can do no injustice, dishonesty, nor absurdity.
Your righteousness embraces Your power,
and will not let that power fly from its embrace to do injustice.
Don't be angry, Sir. You gave me a brain; I criticize.
You gave me a voice and I shout.

VOICE OF GOD: Men, cowardly and cunning,
you want, but dare not resist Me to My face.
Instead, you play My virtues, one against the other.
What are justice and injustice, honesty and dishonesty?
Words mere words!
What could you know, worms;
dirt-formed, nourished on dirt and to dirt you return?
My will is profound; an abyss you could not face, shuddering in your meekness.

ABRAM: I shudder even now, Sir; I dare not lean over the precipice.
I know nothing, nothing at all;
one thing only, that You are just,
for the alternatives You have, Lord . . . . the earthquake, the fire, the plague.
You are just and therefore You will listen to me.

VOICE OF GOD: Speak, worm!

ABRAM: Today, You thrust Your head over Sodom and Gomorrah;
over the gardens, the houses, over the joys and laughter of people.
Your eyes shot flames, and now You want to burn Sodom and Gomorrah.

VOICE OF GOD: Yes, I do.

ABRAM: Lord, You are master of earth and heaven.
You hold life and death in the same palm and choose.
Yes, I am a worm, but one night You called me.
I was again standing beneath this oak. The sky was full of stars.
I had no son—I wept. "Abram," You called, "Why do you weep?
Get up! Go find your wife. Look at the sky, the stars.
They are a multitude, a flock;
your sons, your grandsons and your great-grandsons, all before you.
You, I make the Shepherd of Mankind."
You made me the Shepherd of Mankind, Sir.
I am no longer one: I am a thousand.
I have the responsibility I'm afraid, and I tend to my flock.
Permit me, my Almighty Righteous Judge, to ask.

VOICE OF GOD: Ask, worm!

ABRAM: Thousands are the souls that eat, drink, laugh and laugh again.
stroll and bedeck themselves in Sodom and Gomorrah.
Thousands are the brains down there in Sodom and Gomorrah,
bloated like snakes brimming with poison to the neck;
their tongues dart out and up to the sky in mockery.
But if there are found among them forty righteous,
forty faithful followers, Lord, would You burn?

VOICE OF GOD: I want names. Who are these forty; where did you find them?
I unroofed their shelters, I stooped, I scratched, I found none.
I looked into their hearts full of cobwebs. I looked into their brains
full of scorpions with tails pointed toward the sky.
I felt their nerves full of wines, food, and women.
I can bear them no longer. I shall burn them.

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ABRAM: If there are twenty, twenty righteous, Lord?

VOICE OF GOD: I want names, who, whose son, man or woman, from which family?
I open my fingers; speak names; I shall count.

ABRAM: If there are ten, ten righteous, Lord?

VOICE OF GOD: I still hold my fingers open. Do not toss words in the wind.
I shall count; speak.

ABRAM: If there are five, five righteous, Lord?

VOICE OF GOD: Abram, shield your shameless mouth.
You are speaking to God and you haggle.
You attempt to deceive Me like a wily clever peddler.
I, the All-knowing. A plague-ridden wind blows here, Abram.
I say: take your sheep, your camels, your dogs, your menservants, your maidservants, your wife, your son. Turn to the East and go!
Your title has gone to your head. Your eyes are clouding;
a fat tear hangs from your eyelash,
and in that tear I do perceive Sodom and Gomorrah.

ABRAM: Lord, have mercy! You are not only righteous: You are good.
Your goodness embraces Your righteousness.
It surrounds Your upraised hand with supplication,
and will not permit it to strike.
Your two greatest virtues fuse in the depths of Your power.
Alas! If You were *only* righteous.
Alas! If you were *only* almighty; the world would be lost.
But You are also good, Lord. And because of this
the world still stands against the wind.

VOICE OF GOD: Man, born quadruped, now humiliates God.
You shrink your ties with Him and make Him the good father;
tenderhearted, filled to the gullet with compassion,
a pragmatic mind that weighs and compares.
You are afraid and out of your fear
invent a convenient virtue hoping to harness my power.
I good? I tender? I humane, earthly?
Who told you injustice, sin and hardship are not My work—
my faithful angels? Do not kneel.
Do not extend your hand to touch My knee: I have no knees.
Do not start your lamentations to pierce My heart: I have no heart.
I am dark, entirely of granite. No hand can interfere:
I have decided. I will burn Sodom and Gomorrah.

ABRAM: Don't hurry, Lord. Why must You hurry whenever death is to be delivered?
Hold back Your angry lightning: I have found . . . .

VOICE OF GOD: You have found? What have you found, you worm that pits the soil?

ABRAM: One righteous man.

VOICE OF GOD: His name?

ABRAM: Lot, the son of my brother Harán.
Why do You laugh, Lord? Is he not righteous? Is he not honorable?
Don't You like him?

VOICE OF GOD: I like him.
I bend over the earth and take great pride in that son of your brother Harán;
prancing about in his ecclesiastical calisthenics,
vacillating between paradise and damnation—tormented.
All day long he beats my doors and shouts for them to open.
At night he slips into darkness and I lose him.
In the morning he comes, sleepless and dirty, wailing at my door again.

ABRAM: Why don't You open it, Lord?

VOICE OF GOD: No one requests of Me. I ask: they answer. Now answer!
What have you to say on behalf of this son of your brother Harán that I should save him?
What magnificent acts of justice has he done:
what are his profound meditations—that he should conquer death?

ABRAM: He is rich in his virtues and his soul is his bride.
He has set out to meet You, Lord.
Patience, condescend, listen.

VOICE OF GOD: I am listening.

ABRAM: He has branded his body with Your name seven times;
On his belly, over his loins, over his heart, on his neck, on his thighs.
He wears a girdle of rope, and like an angry prophet carries an iron staff.
He beats doors and shouts, "Open, open! The Lord is coming."
With his feet he overturns the tables of the King.
Wherever the aristocracy gather to feast, he spills their wines and food.
He shouts, "Stand up, grasp your throats, you have eaten too much.
The Lord is coming with His sword."

VOICE OF GOD: I am tired of listening to the voices and prayers of mankind.
It is not enough to shout,
nor to brand my name with an iron staff in your flesh.
Where is the blood? The tears, the terror?
This is what matters to Me.

ABRAM: Have patience, Lord; please bear with me.
Now the blood and terror will come, the tears will flow.
He holds his two daughters by a handkerchief.
Their breasts are swollen. They moan and complain; they cannot sleep,
for he will not allow a man to approach them.
You will not find so pure a maiden in all of Sodom and Gomorrah.
He has flocks of sheep, but he will not touch meat.
He has a host of maids and servants, yet he sleeps alone.
He can overthrow the ancient King and sit on his throne,
yet he sits on his buttocks on the ground,
tearing his flesh with a belt of rope.
He shouts Your name, Lord.
Quivering like a dog, he shouts Your name while his body sprouts welts.
This is Lot, my brother Harán's son.
Take our Your scales.
Put Sodom and Gomorrah on one side; place his soul on the other.
Weigh . . . .
Why are You silent, Lord?

VOICE OF GOD: I am lowering my eyes to earth, now harrowing over Sodom and Gomorrah.
I seek the house of Lot. When will he return tonight?

ABRAM: All through the night, they say, he kneels in the fortress
raising his hands to the heavens: his eyes stream.
And whenever there is a full moon, as there is tonight;
he does not kneel, he does not sit, he does not sleep.
He stands up on the roof of the tower and shouts.

VOICE OF GOD: Quiet! That is enough. Only soil can seal the massive mouth of man.

ABRAM: Lord?

VOICE OF GOD: I found him —
his fields — his gardens — his stables — his courtyard — the tower.
Everything is asleep.
I am searching . . . There is no one in the tower.

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THOSE ANGRY AUTHORS—

WHY THEIR PROTESTS FAIL

By IVOR BROWN

THAT AUTHORS should use their fictions in order to get results and reforms in the world of hard fact was accepted as fair practice as soon as texts were written for the theater. Aristophanes, enjoying for a while the freedom of a liberal democracy, used comedy to buffet the bellicose demagogues whom he hated and to plead for peace in his time. Here were protest and poetry superbly united. Here also was failure. The war with Sparta dragged on to the ruin of the Athenian life and liberty that he loved.

And so it has gone on. The novelists and playwrights have often succeeded as entertainers, very rarely as propagandists. What they can do is to alter, slowly and perhaps only slightly, the general climate of opinion. In actual legislation, which some have specifically demanded, their achievements have been few. The pamphleteers do better than the poets in this field and the sedulous persuaders in journalism succeed where the storytellers and the dramatists do not. But still the artist feels that to protest is one of his functions.

Protest is a word now always in the news. In some countries it appears to take an important place in the university curriculum. In Moscow, Peking, Cairo, and so on a riotous crowd is always described as made up of "students." These intending scholars are given ample leisure in which to march, mill about the streets, and scream in protest at the behavior of other nations as described to them by their national experts in propaganda. Laying down books and taking up bricks, with embassy windows as the favored targets, has become a regular feature of academic life. Before long degrees will be given for prowess in Lapidation.

I take that Latinity from Bernard Shaw, who once described himself as lapidated by some boys who were, it seems, more amused by his aspect than aggravated by his opinions and expressed their derision with a shower of pebbles. The new violence of stone-throwing is a barbarous substitute for the old and civilized use of oratory and authorship as the medium for stating a grievance. If it be argued that masterly rhetoric and the writing of "protest" novels and plays are apt to achieve very little, the same may be said of brawling and scuffling in the streets.

Shaw believed that the drama could be and should be a powerful tool in the hands of the agitator. In his early years he had been an active worker in the protest industry on platforms and even in processions. He once went into action that led, against his will, to violence. It happened on a day in November 1887, later known as Bloody Sunday. Thousands had rallied to assert the right of free speech, surely a modest claim, in Trafalgar Square, London's central forum of the frustrated who are also vociferous. When soldiers joined the police to preserve the peace which the malcontents were stupidly thought to be threatening, he remained discreetly pacific and evasive and so was later taunted by his fellow author and protester, Cunninghame Graham, and charged with being the first man on the run. This Shaw laughed off as a flattering remark: it indicated his good sense. He knew that heads without helmets crack easily under batons, eggheads more easily than others.

All his life he ridiculed the British way of life in play after play and in the prefaces that he appended when they were published. He was not talking at large. He laid down policies and programs. He was no more effective than Aristophanes had been. Though he did all he could to wave red flags in the face of John Bull, that patient creature never went for him with its horns or tossed him into jail. It was realized that he could make protest immensely readable or enjoyable in a playhouse. This was in the end a very profitable exercise for him. Politically it got him nowhere.

Striving to be a serious scold and preacher, he was left to carry on with his capers while nobody would bother with his profuse plans for reform. He could not, for example, have campaigned more reasonably and vigorously, decade after decade, for the abolition of the British Stage Censorship of Plays, which had been created in the eighteenth century by a politician to stop the lampooning of statesmen by such impudent playboys as Henry Fielding, and was later used to keep any unconventional idea out of the theater. Shaw pounded away at this antiquated absurdity that humiliated dramatists by putting them in a special class of suspicious and nefarious characters.

He tried to be a playwright-preacher in the cultural field and to reform the English language. Of all Shaw's characters none has become more widely known than Eliza Doolittle. It is true that her world conquests owe as much to Mr. Lerner's lyrics and more to Mr. Loewe's music than to the original Shavian play, *Pygmalion*, which was first produced in London in 1914 and had only a three-month run. But what is not realized by the millions who have enjoyed Eliza's company is that she was a daughter of cultural protest as well as of a diverting dustman.

In his vehement preface to *Pygmalion* Shaw explained that his play was written to promote the study of phonetics and to scold the English into mending their linguistic manners. He railed at them for their idiotic spelling and chaotic pronunciation, which, he said, made it "impossible for an Englishman to open his mouth without making some other Englishman hate and despise him;

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German and Spanish are accessible to foreigners, English is not accessible even to Englishmen." Therefore one of the principal reformers needed in that country is "an energetic phonetic enthusiast" and such a one he claimed to have made popular in the person of his Henry Higgins. But that professor's subsequent achievement of an almost global renown rests on the performances of Mr. Rex Harrison and other fascinating players, none of whom, I suppose, ever suspected for a moment that they were engaged in the propagation of phonetic reform. Yet forty years before Eliza became My Fair Lady, Shaw had claimed a great success for his straight play on a dry-as-dust topic, which he proudly called "intensely and deliberately didactic."

This, he said, had been a triumph for the dramatist as pedagogue and had sharply rapped the obtuse heads of those "who repeat the parrot cry that art should never be didactic. It goes to prove my contention that art should never be anything else." It would be surprising to learn that any English-speaking person has ever or anywhere been impelled by the combined impact of Shaw, Higgins, and Miss Doolittle to read a book or attend a lecture on phonetics or mend his ways of speech. English accents, differentiated by class and locality, still abound in their old confusion and slovenly speech gets worse. Shaw wanted good, clear, loud speaking of his lines on the stage; if he were here now he would have to put up with mutterings and slurrings of his words by actors who think that to be audible is crudely old-fashioned.

Spelling reform is discussed and forgotten. The foreigner in England has still to tell his doctor that his throat is rough through a cough because he has had to plow through mud as thick as dough. If he has put that correctly onto paper, he is doing well indeed. Shaw, protesting, wanted to save him that burdensome absurdity and even left a lot of money for the foundation and dissemination of a new alphabet. The bequest was legally disallowed as unworkable. There was no public interest at all. The chaos in diction continues.

One more instance can be cited to show the defeat of Shaw, this time in a political and economic field. His first play, *Widowers' Houses*, produced in 1892, didactic according to his principle, was an exposure of the rack-renting of the abominable tenements in which the poor were housed in many parts of London. Dickens, thirty years earlier, had said plenty on the same theme, and to no effect. Shaw further lashed the respectable and complacent owners of income from real estate for thinking themselves innocent simply because they were ignorant of the source of their funds. These were often the revenue from legacies handed over to them by family lawyers. The blame lay not with the poor drudge whose job it was to go round collecting rents (Shaw had done that himself as a youngster in Dublin) and putting on the screw. The guilty parties could be such folk as church commissioners and trustees of charities who did not bother to find out that they were living on festering slums and bawdy houses. That play, not a good one, has been rarely revived, but it was lately fished out of its obscurity and staged in London because a report on the scandalous condition of London housing has shown that landlords can be as avaricious and unscrupulous as ever. In other words, a play written to expose the vices and abuses of seventy years ago was suddenly discovered to be intensely topical. Protest, like progress, goes on and on.

"So it's agreed. No hostilities until after the tourist season."

AUTHORS on the attack hope to give the public conscience some general shock treatment and so get pressure for a particular reform put on authorities and officials who will be in no hurry to react. The literary man rarely comprehends that the jerks must be administered with some understanding of the way in which changes can be won. It is an obvious folly to start a campaign with a comprehensive denunciation of the powers that be. Shaw made that mistake as Dickens had done before him. Literary men judge politics by principles and forget the personalities. Some of them have been innocents abroad in the political jungle and utterly ignorant of the technique of persuasion. Dickens was so contemptuous of electoral democracy that he could hardly expect the chosen tribunes of the people, whom he had dismissed with withering scorn as a gang of Noodles and Foodles, to pass the measures that he wanted.

Nor could he look to the Civil Service, which he had savagely lampooned as the Tite Barnacles, brainless, callous, and immovable place-men, to be his allies in the execution of reformist measures. Shaw despised the British Parliament and its procedure and said so repeatedly. The Labor Party, to whom he should have looked for action on his side, he dismissed as mainly composed of elderly trade unionist boneheads for whom the Caucus found seats as a form of old age pension. The bureaucracy he dismissed as hopeless in his last political treatise, *Everybody's Political What's What*. The British civil servants, he said, were recruited by examinations so idiotic that it collected blockheads able only to pass meaningless memory tests that enabled them to be certified as proficient when they should have been listed as mentally defective. That was no way to get a footing in the corridors of power from which he was continually excluded.

Statesmen have to take ridicule as one of their professional risks. Except in a police state they are at the mercy of sneering cartoonists, satirists, and columnists, while editorialists tear them to pieces. Authors can join in this sport and bring them into stories and plays as pompous bores and even as shady tricksters. That is all very well if the writers are earning their keep as entertainers; but it is far from well if they are enthusiasts for a cause needing political support. Unless the author is prepared to support violence as well as agitation and believes that riot is justifiable as a way to reform (and Dickens and Shaw were both opposed to the use of forcible methods) he must accept

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Gargantua and Pantagruel

By KENNETH REXROTH

STANDARDS OF DECORUM in literature change with the greatest rapidity. The Regency buck gives way to the Victorian maiden in a matter of months. It is a curious experience to read the apologetic prefaces to the various nineteenth- and early twentieth-century editions of Rabelais. Even Jacques Le Clerc and Samuel Putnam feel it necessary to apologize for his bawdry and scatology. Today when prurience so gluts the literary market that the customers are beginning to revolt, the humor of Rabelais seems not just remarkably wholesome but a most aggressive insistence on wholesomeness. In fact *The Adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel* strikes our age as it must have struck its own as a manifesto of sanity, health, and general moral salubriousness. Few books in history are more well, no characters in all literature less sick, than those genial giants and their companions. This is the secret of the book. Rabelais used the broadest farce, the coarsest slapstick, to portray that primary ideal of the Renaissance, man at his optimum. Although it needed to be explained to several troubled and alienated periods that have intervened, Rabelais's choice of the vehicle of the simplest, least contaminated folk humor was wise indeed.

What does man do at his optimum? He creates. He uses his mind and body to their fullest capacities. His curiosity is always busy. He works with joy, and he laughs. For one thing man certainly does when living at his fullest potential is laugh and for very simple reasons.

The legend is that Rabelais's last words were, "The farce is finished. I go to seek a vast perhaps." This is one of the most apposite of the tales about Rabelais, but only so if we realize what a different meaning the words have for us. There is no bitterness like ours in the use of the word "farce," no hint of Hamlet's instruction to the players. There is no hint of Hamlet's soliliquy in the choice of the word "perhaps." Rabelais meant a farce like those he had seen a thousand times on a stage of planks in a town square full of sound and fury, uproarious with laughter about copulation and defecation—or, as Aristotle would say, coming to be and passing away. The skepticism of the perhaps is an untroubled skepticism as far from Pascal's agonized wager or Kierkegaard's leap into the dark as could be imagined. It is untroubled acceptance of all possibilities that gives the work of Rabelais its special character, a character neurotic critics of the modern age are so unused to that they have called it neurotic. *The Adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel* is an extraordinarily passionless book in every sense of the word. Rabelais does, it is true, feel strongly about the squalor and spiritual poverty of much of the monasticism of his time, but he expresses these feelings in guffaws, an expression we do not usually call passion.

Although the latter part of the story is concerned with Pantagruel's quest of a wife, women appear rarely in the book and the lust for them, never. Legend may be right, that Rabelais had a mistress and a bastard son, Theodule, but on the evidence he might just as well have been a perfectly content celibate. Every sentence is lusty but no sort of lust ever appears. Greed, pride, the itch for power are comic masks in a medieval charade. They are hilariously funny because Rabelais cannot, in his guts, believe in their existence. People eat and drink wildly exaggerated quantities, even for giants, but this is not gluttony. It is farce.

TODAY our point of view is so remote from Rabelais's that it requires a special effort of will even to know what he is talking about. Our science of the mind is founded on the study of the behavior of the mentally ill; our Public Health on epidemiology; our practical sociology on a kind of social workers' criminology; our economics on Marx. It has been said of America that its philosophy of life, like that of the ancient Greeks, is medically oriented. The ethics or the politics or the psychology of Aristotle or Plato are founded on a clear concept of the fully healthy man. Our parallel disciplines begin with pathology. Psychiatrists say we are all neurotics. Rabelais would not have known what they are talking about.

Rabelais's giants live in an optimum moral environment in which they are free to develop the utmost of every potential and it is this, not the mere description of their size that gives them their tremendous scale. Rabelais thought of the ethics that he preached as enabling an explosion of human energy. "Do what you will," it says over the gate of his abbey of Thelma, his answer to the monasticism of his day.

We should never forget that Rabelais was himself a monk. However he may have wandered about the world and may in a measure have been excused from his vows, he never left the ranks of the clerical elite. The rule of St. Benedict is, after all, a "mandarin ethic" for an elite that was other-worldly because this world was not subject to its control. What Rabelais is preaching is a mandarin ethic of the elite of the onrushing secular civilization. With him and with his colleagues, Erasmus or Dolet, the first generation of humanists of the northern Renaissance, this ethic worked. As portrayed by them it has remained attractive and satisfying. As we look back over history, we realize that it has actually attracted only a small minority and even fewer have made a success of it. Perhaps they are the tiny minority of the sane. François Premier, Henry the Eighth, were they contemporary successful embodiments of Rabelais's optimum man? Was Saint Thomas More? And what happens when this gospel is given to men not at their optimum, too ignorant to understand it and too malformed to act upon it? The secular religion of the Renaissance, like all the historic religions, demands the capacity for nobility in those who come to it for salvation.

The favorite translation of Rabelais is the Urquhart-Le Motteux done in the seventeenth century. It is in itself a great work of literature, or at least Urquhart's share is, but it is seriously misleading. Urquhart was a dotty Scot eccentric, more like a character of Rabelais than like Rabelais himself. His translation is in a spectacularly eccentric prose that readers of English have come to think of as specifically Rabelaisian. There are a number of modern translations in plainer English which, though none of them is a work of art, do show more of the character of Rabelais, the magnanimous humanist, the very opposite of an eccentric.

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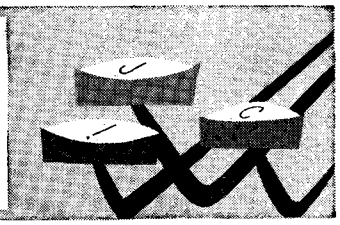
Manner of Speaking



The Book Banners Again (and Again and Again): Some months ago in these pages (*SR*, March 6) I reported my experience as a more or less *soi-disant* expert witness in the Boston trial of William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch* (Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Suffolk ss. Superior Court No. 83001, In Equity. Edward W. Brooke, Attorney General v. a book named "Naked Lunch." Judge Eugene A. Hudson presiding).

My then reported impressions were that such book cases are wasteful encumbrances of the courts; that they pervert justice and make it an act of harassment in that books banned by the lower courts are all but invariably cleared by the higher courts, thereby making justice not a matter of principle but rather a question of how high the publisher can afford to carry the case; and that there is no sort of case in which the law seems less competent to reach a reasonable judgment.

Now there comes to hand Judge Hudson's "Findings of Material Facts and Order for Decree," which, claiming layman's privilege, I shall think of simply as "the verdict," in which Judge Hudson finds the book "obscene, indecent, and impure" according to precedents established in various cases and citations that, like the sex of a rhinoceros, could only be of interest to another rhinoceros.

The verdict, therefore, is in—until it is reversed, as I believe it must be, by a higher court. Nor do I doubt that Judge Hudson did make a conscientious legal pass at the evidence presented to him. But since he has taken his turn as a literary critic, it seems only fair to allow me my turn as a critic of criticism, on the open assumption that I am at least as professionally qualified to criticize as he is to judge.

As I have already noted in my earlier report, I came away from Judge Hudson's courtroom with the highest regard for the general intelligence of the proceeding he was conducting. An intelligent and professionally qualified man has sat in judgment upon a book and he has applied the law as he knew it. It is the all but total inadequacy of the law to render a persuasive legal judgment of any book that concerns me. For even a man of Judge Hudson's stature was reduced to a finding that amounts to little more than a game of 'tis-'tain't with the witnesses and with the author.

As one of his earliest ventures into literary analysis Judge Hudson offers this:

> The book has no plot. It lacks continuity. The indecent scenes portrayed and the base sexual conduct of the characters move from place to place, with such uncommon and unnatural style, as to suggest that the author first collected the foulest and vilest phrases describing unnatural sexual experiences, and then tossed them indiscriminately into a combination of phrases that too often make no sense.

But can this sort of thing reasonably be taken as a sample of that precision with which the majesty of the law should speak? These are mere guesses and self-contradictory opinions. The judge refers to such a "style as to suggest that the author" did such and so. But how can the judge know that the author did so, and know it beyond a reasonable doubt? Must every book-banning trial reduce us to law by intuition? And since the judge is winding up to the point of declaring the book "obscene, indecent, and impure," does he not damage his own case when he declares that its "phrases too often make no sense"? How can writing that makes no sense still manage to be obscene, indecent, and impure?

"The book," Judge Hudson later declares, "appeals to people of coarse sensuality." But let me confess, first, that I do not understand how coarse sensuality can be appealed to by phrases that too often make no sense. And let me confess, also, that having appeared as a witness in defense of the book along with a distinguished company of authors, poets, professors of English, sociologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, and professors of divinity, I am a bit miffed at being lumped off as a person of coarse sensuality. To a certain amount of sensuality, let me say, I not only confess but actively aspire. Yet even with the dignity of the law on his shoulders, Judge Hudson seems to me to take rather much upon himself when he dismisses such a company of witnesses, on no evidence but his own intuition, as generalized "people of coarse sensuality." In matters of literary criticism, I dare believe, that company of witnesses is a more reliable source than any given judge, and when the judge can offer no more than his 'tis to their 'tain't, I am left to affirm the 'tain't; nor has the judge more to offer in support of his otherwise private conclusion than a quotation from *Newsweek* and part of an unfavorable review.

Had the judge a longer experience in the ways of book reviewing and of literary criticism, he would have known that the battering of opposite opinions is the life of the game, but that the game's particular grace of civilization is in the fact that all conflicting views are admissible only so long as none is enforced as the official one.

It is at just this point that the judge's legal need to make an official finding divorces him from literary civilization. And, be it said to the judge's credit, he is aware of the problem and uneasy with it.

I am afraid, however, that his uneasiness leads him to a summary that does him little credit. Having intuited more or less at personal random for ten paragraphs, and having managed nothing in the nature of demonstrable fact about the book, Judge Hudson backs himself into the corner of his eleventh paragraph and writes:

> The book really speaks for itself. In the light of *Roth vs. United States*, 354 U.S. 476, it is not easy to apply the present-day legal principles of obscenity.

As the judge himself has demonstrated.

At that point in his opinion (his writing being such as to suggest it to me) I have a vision of the judge wiping his forehead with a great legal handkerchief and winding himself up for a nervous clincher. And the clincher comes:

> I adopt a quotation from the concurring opinion of Justice Stewart in the Jacobellis case: "I know it when I see it."

And so, alas, the mountain has labored to produce this mouse: all the criteria of law have been assembled and fumbled through, all the legal references have been set down in order, 300 pages of the trial transcript have been assembled, printed, and pondered, and all the majesty of the state has sat upon the total, only to conclude "I know it when I see it."

Nor let the point be lost that this conclusion is the best effort of an able and learned judge. It is, I must believe, the law itself that is incapable of doing honor to itself in such trials, and the sooner the legal mind gives up the illusion that it is a capable agent of literary criticism, the sooner it will rid itself of a style that is such as to suggest absurdity.

—John Ciardi.

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Man as a Beast of Burden

ONE OF THE distinguishing features of civilization is the degree to which man has been able to raise himself from the status of a beast of burden. From the beginning, man has lifted and carried for himself or been forced to oppressive tasks far more often than he has been able to allocate his burdens to four-footed animals or machinery, and he has tried to be more than a mere lifter and carrier of heavy loads as he has become more civilized. The shock of realizing that the vast majority of the world's people are still beasts of burden is, therefore, all the more striking when that fact makes headlines in our theoretically mechanized world.

Not long ago, experts assembled by the International Labor Organization recommended at the United Nations that the maximum permissible load for any adult male worker anywhere in the world be 88 pounds, and that women workers ought not to carry at any one time more than 44 pounds, a range also recommended for sixteen-to-eighteen-year-old boys. For sixteen-to-eighteen-year-old girls, the suggested maximum load was 33 pounds, and regular load-carrying for boys and girls under sixteen should, the panel felt, be prohibited. The question of a load limit for the laboring man was first broached half a century ago, when a maximum of 132 pounds per load was suggested for the world's dock workers, though nothing ever came of it. Even today, the wonders of a fork-lift truck have by no means penetrated every dock and pier along the vast shorelines of the earth. And, since the ILO has no policing power, it can even today only suggest world-wide adoption of its 88-pound load limit for male workers, as it suggested without result the 132-pound maximum fifty years ago.

A 112-page, single-spaced ILO report used as the basis for suggested maximum permissible loads (and sent to all employers' and workers' organizations and governments represented at the U.N.) takes into consideration contrasting conditions in various parts of our planet, the distances loads are to be carried, the humidity and temperature under which these loads are undertaken, and, of course, the age, sex, and health of the individual worker. It is one thing for a man to load 100-pound cement sacks in the open coolness of a 65-degree New England building-supply yard and quite another for an equatorial worker in the bowels of a steaming fruit boat to lift 100-pound stalks of bananas hour after hour in 100-degree heat and almost total humidity.

IT used to be said in China that coolie labor could be operated at so many pound-miles per cup of rice, and surely nowhere on earth has man as a beast of burden come closer to animal status. Loads approaching 200 pounds are by no means uncommon in the Orient and even women somehow get used to daily burdens there that would stagger and eventually break down an unaccustomed male laborer from the United States. The number of hours of work are extremely important, too. As recently as Woodrow Wilson's time it was necessary for the federal government to pass laws limiting a man in heavy industry to ten hours per day, six days a week. In the sweat shops of Manhattan at the turn of the century, children of nine and ten labored twelve to fourteen hours a day for a few pennies an hour until enlightened legislation put an end to such cruel nonsense, and that within the lifetime of the older generation now living. The Coal Mines Act of 1911 was made necessary to end abuses in employment of girls and boys under sixteen in filling and emptying railway freight cars, or in lifting, carrying, or moving anything so heavy as to be apt to cause them injury. Sweat shop conditions have always tended to be worse in the large cities where cheap labor could be hidden away in slum areas and where the labor force of the unskilled, desperate for work at any wage, has been large enough to provide an unending source of cheap common labor. Until laws and unions broke the back of the sweat shop, many a fortune was made for the few. Indeed, at the height of the legislative battle to reform our labor laws, Sarah Norcliffe Cleghorn wrote a telling quatrain:

> The golf links lie so near the mill
> That almost every day
> The laboring children can look out
> And watch the men at play.

Yet while the Oriental coolie, the African carrier, and the slave laborer still plods his weary way under hundreds of pounds of dead weight, sometimes balanced on his powerful head, sometimes in agonizing yoke, the necessity for modern man to remain a beast of burden lessens each year. No one watching loading or emptying at a modern pier or warehouse can be unaware of dramatic advances engineering has made in the apparatus of the mechanical lift. A new road may still be torn from a Chinese mountainside by an antlike swarm of human beings working with little more than their hands, but almost anywhere in the Western world giant earth-moving machines have replaced man as a carrier of dirt, boulders, rocks, and ore. Our minimum wage and labor laws, our standards of living and inventive genius, have come close to removing man as a beast of burden from many areas of the New World. And it is in this context that one feels the full shock of the ILO's incredibly detailed report on human limits, the proposed world load maximums which, bit by bit, may reduce the number of men, women, and children still being used as beasts of burden and eventually, one can only hope, end that barbarity forever.

—R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Misuse of Force

WITH UNCANNY PERSPICACITY, Juan Bosch gives an inside view of the intricate interplay of political and social forces in his article "Communism and Democracy in the Dominican Republic" [*SR*, Aug. 7].

How discouraging it is to realize that sheer ignorance of an internal situation has led to the exercise of force over intelligence and—most discouraging of all—that this has occurred within our own hemisphere.

Although Dr. Bosch concludes on a hopeful note by reaffirming his faith in democracy "as the dwelling place of human dignity," one wonders if the average Dominican citizen (or any citizen of the world, for that matter) is capable of an equally judicious appraisal of such disheartening events.

Revolution is inevitable in Latin America as well as in many other parts of the world witnessing a struggle for social justice. Latin America is the stage on which the drama of democracy-in-action is being played. Its spectators are an anxious, impatient world.

But the drama may not end in tragedy if democracy is on the side of social revolution and reform. Indeed, the turning point will come when the United States focuses more directly upon the real enemy—the social ills that give Communism its impetus.

Faith must be given before it is received; we must show an abiding faith in the aspirations of Latin America's peoples even when they seem to have strayed from what we consider to be true democratic principles. Only in this way will their faith be restored in democracy as the means to a better life.

Is this not the meaning of the cries we hear asking for more moral leadership on the part of the United States?

KATHERINE HAMPARES,
Assistant Professor of Spanish,
Jersey City State College.

Jersey City, N.J.

THANK YOU for the article by Juan Bosch. He has brought out the prime error in the U.S. attitude toward international politics—the idea that force is a sign of strength and intelligence a sign of weakness. The most-used tool in our dealings with other countries is force—either outright military force as in the Dominican Republic and Vietnam or, more commonly, economic force; that is using foreign aid as a bribe rather than as a contribution to economic stability.

Military force may provide a temporary solution to an unstable situation, but unless intelligence is used to get at the source of instability and unrest, the situation can only deteriorate, thus requiring more and more military commitments. This is apparently the case in Vietnam, where support of unpopular and unstable governments has led us to greater and greater military commitments that appear to show no concern for the Vietnamese people or the future political stability of their country.

Similarly, our support of unpopular and oppressive governments in neighboring countries to the south has identified us with the oppressors, thereby inclining those who desire reform to join with the Communists because the Communists are an opposing force—not because the would-be reformers favor the aims or methods of international Communism.

Total military victory is not possible in our day, and we must therefore realize that the future of this country and of the world is dependent upon the establishment of just, stable government, and an economy based on world-wide cooperation. This can be achieved only through the change and growth that will come if intelligent and knowing leadership is given the time and support that are necessary.

WESLEY C. GREEN.

Pawtucket, R.I.

PLEASE ACCEPT my thanks for the excellent article by Juan Bosch. Dr. Bosch suggests that our foreign policy is based on fear, and this fear is clearly evident in the U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic. . . . We may have prevented a Castro-type government from taking power in the Dominican Republic, but, at the same time, did we prevent a Dominican Great Society?

LESTER TRAUB.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

"Pardon me, Miss, but don't you think two can do their wash cheaper than one?"

Splitting Bloaters

THOSE WHO READ Horace Sutton's excellent second article on London [*SR*, July 17] may well think that his description of a bloater as "an outsize herring" is derived from the pages of Theodora FitzGibbon's *Art of British Cooking*, which we published in this country and to which Mr. Sutton refers in his article. May I make it quite clear that Mrs. FitzGibbon says no such thing? A bloater is a herring cured in a particular way that does not involve splitting it down the middle like a kipper, and bloaters vary in size within the same limits as kippers and more or less the same limits as herrings.

ANTHONY DENT,
Editorial Director,
J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

London

Eat, Drink, and Stay Home

IN ASSESSING the state of British epicurean affairs, Horace Sutton has interestingly elucidated the fables and foibles of the contemporary British culinary scene. Although he concentrated on the London tourist circuit, his comments can be applied with equal veracity to both country inn and city club throughout the rest of Britain.

STANISLAUS J. MARKIEWICZ.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Right to Silence

I DISAGREE profoundly with Robert Lewis Shayon's conclusion to his piece "No Exit" [*SR*, Aug. 7]. The boredom and fear which he rightfully recognizes as the reason for the public's desperate reliance on TV and the transistor radio is not assuaged by this verbal deluge but is often a prelude to the mental disorders they are trying to stave off and drown. The solution is certainly not tolerance, whether or not one hears one's own name on the gadget. My privacy is of value to me whether or not Mr. Shayon's is to him. I admire and envy the English attitude, which considers the playing of the transistor radio in public places a violation of an important human right.

ALLYN MOSS.

New York, N.Y

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The Many Sides of Cubism

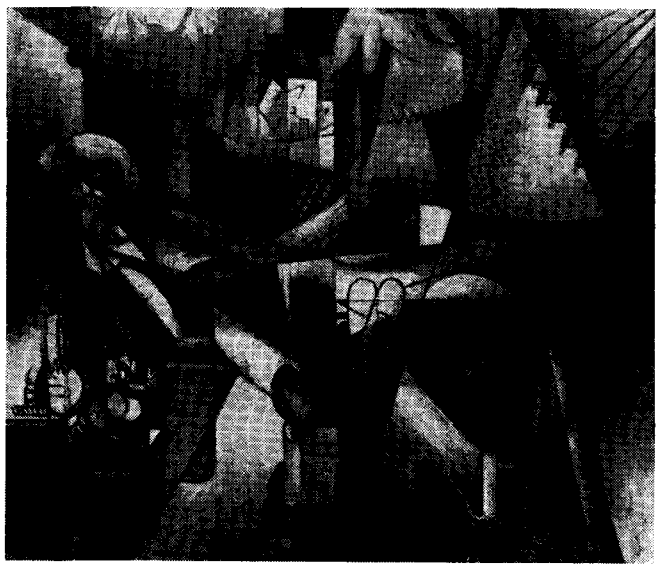
I ALWAYS go to Buffalo with a sense of expectation. There, for a number of years, the Albright-Knox Art Gallery has been acquiring early twentieth-century masterpieces (a word I use cautiously) with astute determination. Better known for its plentiful supply of up-to-the-minute avant-garde art, some of it more timely than timeworthy, the museum has also been quietly adding historic works from the cubist period, a period basic to the understanding of all art that comes after it. For, during the past half-century, this movement has assiduously infiltrated modern studios, either as a model to be loosely followed or a memory to react against.

At Buffalo four cubist paintings acquired during recent years particularly impressed me, chiefly because of their exceptional quality, but also because they are major works by Delaunay, Gleizes, Metzinger, and Morgan Russell, artists often erroneously referred to as "minor cubists." The first three, all Frenchman, were actually pioneer architects of the cubist movement and at their best (notably Delaunay) competed with or even at times surpassed such formidable colleagues as Picasso, Braque, Léger, and Gris. Dated either 1912 or 1913, the four canvases are cubist landmarks that, when seen together, provide illuminating if not always new slants on an often oversimplified subject.

We have come to believe that in their zeal for multiplicity the cubists merely broke up and reconstructed various views of the same object, a definition far too narrow for a movement that at times deliberately went beyond purely physical investigations. Gleizes and Metzinger in their now famous treatise of 1912 called "Du Cubisme" made clear how speculative thinking also played an important role. Noting that the cubists considered "luminous that which strikes the mind, and dark that which the mind has to penetrate," they emphasized their liberation from the external world. For them, a painting "carried within itself its raison d'être." It became, in short, an independent organism. Forty years later the abstract expressionists were repeating the same words, yet rebelling against cubism's emphasis on discipline. And curiously enough, though cubism has often been considered the father of geometric painting, its most articulate spokesmen, Gleizes and Metzinger, wrote, "Geometry is a science, painting is an art. The geometer measures, the painter savors. . . . Cubism, which has been accused of being a system, condemns all systems." Never have optical novelties or "computer art" been more neatly annihilated, a good fifty years before these techniques became the vogue.

Metzinger reputedly gave his *Dancer at the Café* to Gleizes in return for the latter's *Man in a Hammock*. Both pictures, now in the Albright-Knox collection, represent early stages of cubist break-up. Each relied on observed scenes as points of departure, each included a still life of shimmering transparency. The Gleizes is more richly painted, the Metzinger, though done a year earlier, is more intensely fragmented. Indeed, *The Dancer* shows a strong affinity for futurism, what with its iridescent pointillist color, its illusive figures—here one moment, gone the next—its theme built on interrelationships of simultaneous movement. For, as the dancer sways, so, too, the café visitors move and overlap. The lady's feather plumes suggest a spouting fountain in a staccato scene where repeated and purposely dislocated objects produce a sense of multiple activity. With only three fractured figures, Metzinger evoked a restless assemblage.

MOTION, though milder, is also implicit in Gleizes's *Man in a Hammock*, where back-and-forth movement is abetted by strong intersecting lines. Though figure and landscape are only partially disoriented, the double face, the occasional transparent superimposed planes, and the provocatively titled book create a complex of images and ideas. As Daniel Robbins in his excellent catalogue on Gleizes observed, the artist "never set out to analyze and describe visual reality." Had this been all he wanted, his original sketch for the picture (an expert, rapid water color of a figure in a hammock) would have sufficed. In the final version Gleizes not only broke up form but added scale, scope, and psychological content. One



Left, Russell's *Synchromy to Form: Orange*; below, Gleizes's *Man in a Hammock*.

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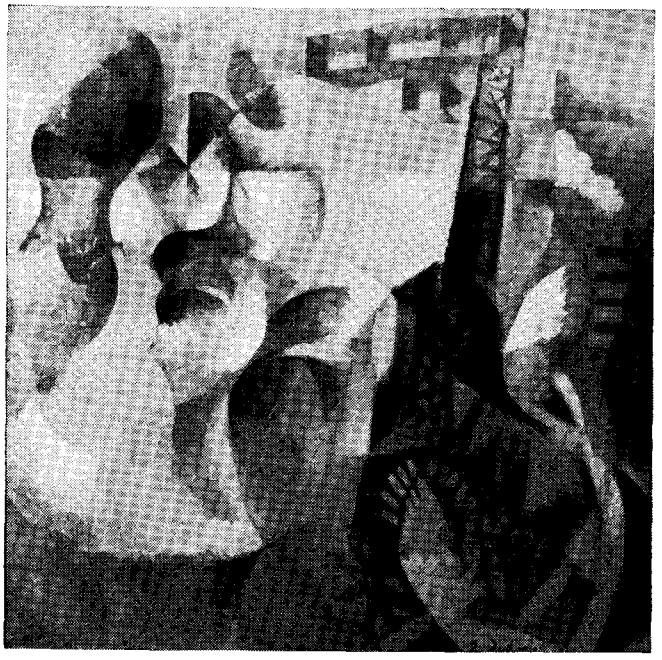

Above, Delaunay's *Sun, Tower, Aeroplane*; right, Metzinger's *Dancer at the Café.*

no longer sees merely a figure swinging in a hammock; one sees many aspects of the same figure refracted into new pictorial terms and related to a surrounding landscape where form and space are remade to synthesize (but never reproduce) the immediacy of vision. Not to be overlooked is a book called *Paroles devant La Vie,* by the artist's good friend, Alexandre Mercereau, a book prominently displayed and surely there for a purpose. It was, appropriately, Mercereau who introduced Gleizes to Metzinger in 1910, and it was also Mercereau who attempted to splinter time in his writings, very much as the two men he had brought together hoped to splinter form and space. All three were in search of new methods to express multilateral experiences. To be sure, the pictures by Gleizes and Metzinger are not literal communications, but they do imply that modern life has quicksilver consistency, that nothing is exactly as it looks when seen from one angle, that all experience must be reassessed in terms of constantly increasing profusion, that a painted experience is far different from a "real" one.

Of the four paintings in Buffalo, the most remarkable and least obviously dated is Delaunay's canvas *Sun, Tower, Aeroplane.* Seen in black-and-white reproduction, this picture loses much of its meaning, for Delaunay felt that "Everything is color in nature." Without color the canvas is robbed of its radiance and sun-drenched luminosity. Painted with the utmost Gallic control, the scene is alive with movement. By means of tilted transparent planes and translucent bubble-like forms Delaunay paralleled the feeling of flight. He tossed his viewer into the picture, making him participate in the experience of soaring. Since 1913, when *Sun, Tower, Aeroplane* was painted, no artist has surpassed Delaunay's understanding of the new dimensions that modern aviation has evoked. He did not try to simulate these dimensions; wisely, he paraphrased them in his own medium. True, the futurists addressed themselves to the same idea, but theirs was a more doctrinaire approach. The architecture in Delaunay's picture, as so often with him, was inspired by the Eiffel Tower, a structure he painted repeatedly, challenged by its open verticality. Forcing us to look at the tower from a variety of eye levels, he lifts us off the earth, projecting us into painted space. Here we do not merely observe life's multiplicity; we become part of it.

Only one of the four works in Buffalo is not by a Frenchman and only one is completely nonobjective. During 1913 and 1914 Morgan Russell produced a very large canvas called *Synchromy to Form: Orange.* This noble, slowly rotating composition, based on a careful orchestration of color, was among the first totally abstract works to be painted by an American artist. Characteristic of synchronism, a movement developed by Russell and his American colleague, S. Macdonald-Wright, the picture reflected French influence. Both men worked in Paris and both men admired Delaunay.

The subject of Russell's canvas was simply and solely the color orange. Form, light, and movement emerge from the juxtaposition of this color with its cooler neighbors. Centrifugal motion grows out of color areas that are synchronized to move and intercept each other. Like Seurat, the artist even included a painted border based on functional color. Russell and Macdonald-Wright insisted that "Painting being the art of color, any quality of a picture not expressed by color is not painting." Using circles and discs as symbols of the sun, they rigorously avoided any semblance of realism, but by 1920 both men had returned to figurative compositions, possibly because synchronism was too uncompromising, too theoretical to practice for long. And yet it was while they followed its principles that they produced their greatest works, many of them unfortunately still too little known by the general public.

THE more one observes cubism and its associated movements, the more one realizes that Gleizes and Metzinger were right when they said, "Cubism, which has been accused of being a system, condemns all systems." For cubism was a radical, all-embracing idea, not a system. Since the explosion of Caravaggio's new realism, no conception in art has had greater impact. Even a brief survey of only four paintings from the cubist period demonstrates how multiple was this movement's preoccupation with multiplicity. —KATHARINE KUH.

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What Is a Critic?

By RUDOLF ARNHEIM

A MAN MAY spend much of his life looking at works of art, thinking about them, and writing about them and yet not be a critic by profession. As a theorist he may be concerned with the nature of art, with the laws of the mind by which the eyes see shape and color, as well as with the human needs fulfilled by the making and consuming of art. In these studies he uses the actual production and consumption of art as raw data—to get ideas and to check on his ideas.

A critic, on the other hand, is concerned with particular works of art; but in order to deal with them he relies on those generalities that occupy the theorist. Perhaps the difference between the two is simply a matter of emphasis. The theorist uses paintings and sculpture to define principles of art; the critic uses the same principles in order to deal with painting and sculpture. If so, have there always been critics? Lionello Venturi, in his *History of Art Criticism,* discusses such men as Xenocrates, St. Augustine, Cennini, Vasari, de Piles, Winckelmann, Kant, Hegel, Helmholtz, Burckhardt, Riegl, Woelfflin, and many others. All of them wrote art theory. Perhaps it is true that, as Oscar Wilde said, in the best days of art there were no art critics —an observation on which he himself commented that it had "all the vitality of error and all the tediousness of an old friend."

Probably art theory and art criticism became separate professions only with the development of magazines and newspapers. This is a historical question. What concerns me here is the particular state of mind and intention that can be described as the critical attitude. Is the critic properly defined as a man who applies theory to particular objects?

An astronomer writing a monograph about Venus is not commonly called a critic, even though he discusses a single thing. What about an article on *our* kind of Venus, let us say—the small prehistoric stone figure from Willendorf on the Danube? I open a book on the subject and find the author saying that the little Venus "probably illustrates the ideal of female beauty held by men of that particular region in the Stone Age." It seems the writer considers the Venus because she illustrates something. He is interested in the Stone Age. He is not a critic.

Let us try another approach. Perhaps it is helpful to remember that the critic is a judge. But so is everybody else, even though theorists and historians may insist that they are only after the bare, neutral facts. Actually the theorist cannot explore the nature of *the* artist without stripping from the real specimens everything that is accidental, weak, contaminated. He has to find what is essential, strong, and pure about the artist; and this means judging. Similarly, the art historian assumes, more or less tacitly, that it is the great artists who represent and reflect the art of their period most reliably. To show how the nineteenth century embodied itself in art means to concentrate on Delacroix, Manet, Cézanne, not on Ary Scheffer, Rosa Bonheur, Giovanni Boldini, or Christoph Wilhelm Eckersberg. It is true that when an art historian, as a historian, talks about "a perfect Renoir" we must compare him with, let us say, a devoted dermatologist exclaiming: "A beautiful ringworm!" For both of these professionals, beauty is the delight of encountering in the flesh the pure embodiment of a type, a law, a generality. In addition, of course, the two men may also be lovers of art and even critics.

What distinguishes the critic is not simply that he deals with individual artists or works, nor that he applies to the particular specimen the available knowledge of theory and history. What counts is, apparently, that the particular work of art is not the means but the end of the critic's endeavor and that he applies theoretical standards for the purpose of gauging the validity of that work. Much criticism makes unprofitable reading because the standards on which it is based are shallow, unclear, unstable. The true critic is ingrained with the "invariants" of art, that is, the fundamental conditions that must be met if a painting or piece of sculpture is to be called a work of art.

However, the great critic excels not only by his well-founded principles. He has at least two further indispensable virtues. One, he possesses a style of his own, just like a good artist—a style anchored in some aspect of the spirit of his time and yet strongly personal. (His literary style as a writer is only an external expression of this quality.) The particular direction from which the critic throws his light gives volume to the object; he models it by a particular distribution of light and shadow. His approach is one-sided, by necessity, for when an object is lighted evenly from all sides it flattens out and vanishes. By the spontaneous onesidedness of what he notices and likes and what he overlooks and rejects the critic exerts an active force in the cultural history of his time. Even his great mistakes are genuine agents of this history and mobilize countereffforts. A critic at whom artists throw palettes and blowtorches is likely to have merits because who would bother to throw things at a fool?

The third and equally important virtue of the great critic is that marvelous openness of mind and eye that makes him discern the new growth among the drying leaves and broken branches. It is a gift not easily reconciled with the other two, and therefore the great critic needs the additional aptitude for making his talents get along with each other as profitably as possible. He is all too easily tempted to distort his standards in order to justify his preferences or in order to surrender to novelty; tempted also to let his principles dogmatize his eyes. Hence there are many ways in which a critic can fail to be useful.

OF these failures I will mention only a few. A critic is not useful, I believe, when he sees reflected in the work of art only a mirror image of himself; not useful when he struts about, displaying his colors, when he hides in an ink cloud like a cuttlefish, when he drifts on every current, forever afloat and rudderless, or when he despises rather than feels compassion for human incapacity; useless also when he lacks the barometric sense of altitude: his heart does not beat faster when he is lifted to the heights, nor is he depressed by the dumps.

Let me come back once more to the critic as a judge, however, and suggest that what we need him for is not so much to discover greatness as to sift the genuine from the spurious. The few truly great artists cannot be helped much by the critic in their effort to break through. Their coming seems to occur like a natural event, and much of the cursing and blessing they stir up looks equally elemental. When it comes to a Picasso or Matisse or Henry Moore the critic seems to have little power either way. What we need him for is to tell us when we are in the presence of art and when only in that of what the communication engineers call "noise"; that is, pretense, make-believe, opportunism, imitation, irresponsibility, or emptiness.

I will even stick my neck out a little farther and describe, as one example of the lack of fundamental principle in some criticism of our time, a phenomenon that I shall call the Brancusi syn-

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drome or the top-layer fallacy. It consists in the assumption that art can be simple. Every work of art has a top layer of form, which summarizes in the most evident generality the over-all, dominating forces of the composition. In a Renaissance painting, for example, a triangle may unify the richness of form and meaning assembled under it. Without that triangle the wealth of the invention would scatter. But it is also true that without that wealth the triangle would be an empty husk. Therefore, if, these days, you take the naked triangle and display it all by itself and write something like, "The determined pointedness of the triangle aims dynamically at spiritual heights," you are committing the top-layer fallacy. You are taking a sign for a symbol, poverty for richness. The human brain, the most complex object in the world, cannot be represented by an easily exhausted shape or gesture. Granted that rich meaning can be applied to religious or political signs, such as a cross, a star, a red disc; but as visual statements these shapes are empty. Similarly, an evenly stained canvas, a nest of squares, a shiny egg, a set of stripes, or an assortment of refuse may stir up powerful feelings here and there. Anything in this world can do that. But a work of art does not ask for meaning; it contains it. And in order to contain meaning congenial to the human brain, art cannot be simple. It never has been; never will be. This is one of those invariant fundamentals that our critics fail to consider.

To be guided by principle does not, however, require quoting it explicitly as though it were holy scripture. Some of the best critical writing never mentions principle but always implies it. Since we all employ ourselves privately as critics, every one of us knows that his descriptions of persons and things are constantly intermingled with evaluation, judgment, classification—all of it wrapped quite often in some telling metaphoric image. May I give two recent examples of my own experience? The other day, looking at a photograph that showed the amusing carpenter work of a gifted woman sculptor, as well as the artist herself sitting before the work in perfect frontality and staring ahead, pokerfaced and with the fearful symmetry of heavy makeup, I said to myself: The Buster Keaton of modern art! The comparison helped me to place this particular blend of temperament and mechanics, of folk art and cleverness, of distortion and beauty, of laughter and sadness. It helped me a good deal. And the other night I woke up in the middle of the dark and said to myself, and I don't know why then and there: "Is it not surprising that Chagall's paintings do not smell of perfume?" This one, too, helped me.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Master Fibber

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

ONE of the most pleasing productions in the thirteen years of the Stratford Festival of Canada is *Henry IV, Parts 1 and 2*, with the latter being presented under the catchier title *Falstaff*. As directed by Stuart Burge with the assistance of John Hirsch, there is a fuller development of these plays' comic potentialities than has been evident in other recent productions of this theatrical doubleheader.

This is particularly true of Part 1. For Douglas Campbell, who must be the first actor in history ever to play Hotspur seven years after playing Falstaff, gets more humor than usual out of this role, with the result that instead of a history play relieved by comedy, we now have a comedy sprinkled with a bit of history. The sprinkle turns out to be just enough to make us see that both the King and his wayward son, Prince Hal, are reacting to the dishonor of usurping the crown from Richard.

Happily, Tony Van Bridge's portrayal of Falstaff emerges as a sort of sixteenth-century Monte Woolley, a truly clever and witty old rascal who came to a predominantly liquid dinner. From the moment when, from the darkened stage, we first hear an isolated snore we are delighted to find a man who can sleep happily while the rest of the world worries about its moral rationalizations. As we watch this antidote to sobriety and guilt squirm his way out of the defensive lies he invents about the Gadshill caper, we see less a fool than a master fibber exercising his craft. Similarly hilarious is Eric Christmas's portrait of his crony, Bardolph, inspired by the grizzly little soldier, Ol' Bill, in the World War I cartoon "The Better 'Ole."

At the end of the first play, the merriment is balanced with a suggestion that Hal's friendship with Falstaff is beginning to cool. And this is carried progressively into the second part. Here, half of the action consists of grave scenes relating to the putting down of the rebellion by what seems an unfair trick, to the death of the King, and to the emergence of Hal as a reformed Henry V. These are vigorously performed, with Leo Ciceri's haunted King and Douglas Rain's repentant Hal combining in an excellent reconciliation scene. But it is the other half, the extension of the ventripotent knight's highhanded antics both with his Eastcheap cronies and with the rustic Justice Shallow and Justice Silence that make *Falstaff* so delightful. As Shallow, William Hutt is outstanding as he establishes the character with a high-pitched voice and a concentration on the old man's ridiculous need to remember his youth as far more wicked than it really was. His foolery and that of the others is beautifully executed and almost never descends into the silliness that plagues so many productions of Shakespearean comedy. It is impressive work by an expert company that has worked together in Shakespeare for more years than any other professional group of its kind.

Also a popular success here, as it is at Minneapolis, is *The Cherry Orchard*. Nevertheless, one suspects that the larger size of this Ontario theater is less friendly to Chekhov than the more intimate Minneapolis playhouse. For although Mr. Hirsch has directed the play sensitively and understandingly, we find it almost impossible to feel sustainedly the play's rich atmosphere.

However, if audiences are not held spellbound, they are at least intelligently entertained. Kate Reid's Ranevskaya captures the ruined quality of a sensual woman. Although William Hutt's Gaev is perhaps closer to Uncle Vanya than it is to an elegant and useless country gentleman, it is modestly effective. And almost every member of the cast, including Hugh Webster, who is badly miscast as Trofimov, receives applause for individual outbursts.

Best of all is Douglas Campbell as Lopahin. While he starts out a little too British and a little too comic, Mr. Campbell gradually achieves the most genuine introspective feeling he has brought to any of the roles we have seen him perform. If Mr. Hirsch has not managed to create an extraordinary production of *The Cherry Orchard*, he has at least explored with some success the task of presenting more real behavior and real responses on a stage built for larger-than-life presentation.

The Festival is also presenting at another theater the North American premiere of *Mahagonny*. Written as an opera in 1930 by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, its inspired music has long made it a collector's item. However, as produced in English translation, *Mahagonny*'s story of sin in a boom town seems unnecessarily stark and disconnected, and comes most to life in some of its songs. One suspects that it will take the sort of adapting hand the late Marc Blitzstein brought to *The Threepenny Opera* to give *Mahagonny* the impact its music entitles it to.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Married Luv

THE MYSTIQUE of Jean-Luc Godard continues to evade me. He is the thirty-four-year-old Frenchman who in the span of some five years has directed *Breathless*, *Band of Outsiders*, *A Woman Is a Woman*, *My Life to Live*, *Contempt*, and, just released, *The Married Woman*. Shortly to be on view at the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center are two others of his prodigious output, *The Little Soldier* (banned for a time in France, because it dealt with the Algerian war), and *Alphaville*, said to be a science fiction fantasy. This column has not always dealt kindly with M. Godard, and we have the letters to prove it, some approving of the critical stand we have taken, and a good many others protesting our blind insensitivity to his daring, his outspokenness, his inventiveness, his technical genius. If another director comes along and happens to reveal a bit of innovation, Godard's adherents are sure to smile knowingly and claim that he is merely borrowing from that young master. Godard is supposedly partly responsible for the *cinema vérité* movement and the jump-cut (so symbolically suitable to our breathless times), and, ideologically speaking, he is the leading interpreter of neo-romanticism, as opposed to the old-hat neo-realism.

Well, hoping for revelation, I have continued to see his films as they come along, and I must report that I have experienced little else but continuing disappointment. This experience holds true for *The Married Woman*, which ran into trouble in France because it was thought the title (and the content of the film) reflected on all French womanhood. There it was called *A Married Woman*; Columbia has boldly gone back to the original for its release here.

At any rate, the movie deals with only one married woman, in the person of Macha Meril (Godard does have a way of finding piquant young ladies), first met in bed with her lover—a fairly standard Godard opening. The opening shot is a fancy one showing a girl-hand and a boy-hand twined together, then there is some caressing over nude skin, and eventually we are made acquainted with what story there is. It is a simple one. The married woman has a husband and a lover. She likes to make love with the lover, but the husband has to go through much frustrating torment before he can make love with his wife. The lover is an actor, and the husband is a pilot. The woman finds she is pregnant, but doesn't know which man is responsible. A doctor talks to her about the imminent population explosion. A friend of the husband talks to her about the Auschwitz trial in Frankfurt. Her husband talks about himself, she talks about herself, and finally the lover talks about himself in what appears to be a *cinema vérité* interview by the lady. This is after they have made love in a hotel room at Orly Airport while he is waiting for his plane. At the end you see the intertwined hands again; in fact, you see them often throughout the film. Besides this, the lovers touch each other a lot.

Now, since practically none of the above is in any way interesting or revelatory, I am again forced to the conclusion that Godard had, in this case, practically nothing to say about married women in general, or this one in particular. Charlotte, his heroine, is emptyheaded (maybe a comment of sorts there), confused, languidly amoral. Someday she may leave her husband and marry the lover, but we certainly can't bank on that. I got the impression that Godard, in a terrible hurry to make another film, must have patched the so-called story together day by day, counting on his innate genius to bring it off. Nothing of the sort happened. It is just another bad and, I'm afraid, pretentious Jean-Luc Godard movie. His real distinction seems to be that he doesn't make the bad Hollywood kind of movie; he makes his own kind of bad movies.

Help!, the new Beatles film, has followed hard upon the greatly praised *A Hard Day's Night*. *Help!* is not only full of Beatle cavorting but is also made in color, since after their success in the first film they obviously deserved a bigger budget for their second. But even in often very pretty, tricky color, the fuzz is off the peach, so to speak. I didn't find the Beatles nearly as cute, funny, or diverting this time. The spontaneity is forced, and the humor reminded me much more of the old Abbott and Costello movies than of the Marx Brothers, to whom they were given the honor of being compared last time out. Maybe Richard Lester, the much-lauded director from Philadelphia, is attempting a reprise of sorts of old funny movies. I don't know. I do know that when you have to drag out the high priests of the terrible goddess of Kaili to pursue the Beatles for ninety minutes you're bound to be in trouble. The pursuit begins in London, continues to the Swiss Alps, and winds up in the sunny Bahamas. In all of these places the Beatles are menaced by a variety of infernal plots and inventions to dispatch them, but they never worry, because they're Beatles. I'm not really worried about Beatles and never was. But I *am* worried about Richard Lester, an immensely talented director. I think he needs to get away from Beatles for a while. Is it my imagination, or do I hear him faintly in the distance, crying "help!" All the way to the bank, of course.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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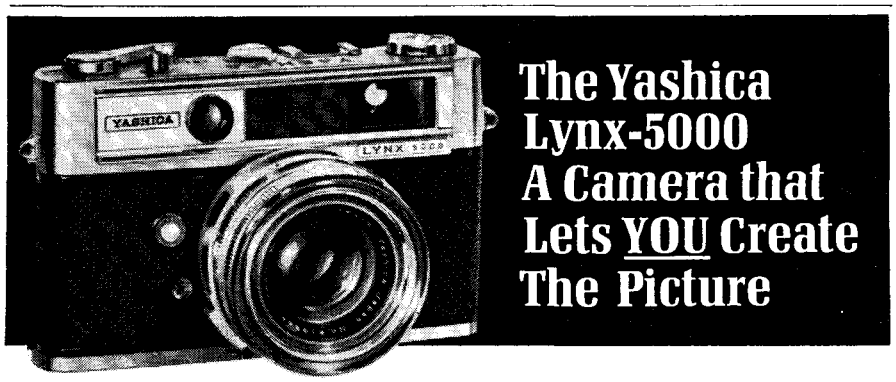

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Sagas of the Underprivileged

GROVE PRESS, which, in the past five or six years, has published a number of controversial books, to state the case mildly, has now brought forth an anthology called *New American Story* ($3.95), edited by Donald M. Allen and Robert Creeley. There is an introduction, about which I shall have something to say later on, by Warren Tallman, associate professor of English at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver.

Ten writers, some well known and some not, are included, the best known being William Burroughs and Jack Kerouac. For the latter, who is represented by a selection from *Lonesome Traveler*, I can, as usual, find little to say. In a statement in the appendix he speaks of "spontaneous prose," and spontaneity, without the least suggestion of disciplined craftsmanship, is what he gives us. I am reminded of what Dr. Johnson said regarding the poems ascribed to Ossian: "Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it." One should add, for what it is worth, that not many people can abandon their minds, which is, I suppose, why Kerouac has a reputation.

Burroughs, though I have only a moderate regard for *Naked Lunch* and none for *Nova Express*, cannot be disposed of so easily. His writing sounds spontaneous but quite obviously isn't so. He has made his journey to hell, and has invented his own devices for communicating his experiences. Whatever else is true, he is, in a sense that Kerouac isn't, a writer.

There are several writers whom I have encountered elsewhere. The extracts from William Eastlake's *Portrait of an Artist with 26 Horses* show a fresh and lively sensibility working on material that hasn't been worn out. In the three stories here included, as in his novel *The Island*, Robert Creeley mistakes obscurity for subtlety, but he writes carefully and with a feeling for the language. John Rechy, as I said in my review of *City of Night*, a section of which is included here, is a good reporter, in spite of a fondness for sentimental phrases. Best of the lot, to my taste, is Hubert Selby, Jr., author of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, from which the editors have chosen two stories. Using no tricks, simply relying on what he has seen, he achieves an extraordinary intensity.

Of the writers who are new to me, the best is LeRoi Jones, who is both poet and playwright. (I have read about his plays, but haven't seen them.) Like Selby, he works in what has to be called the naturalistic tradition, and, again like Selby, Jones is honest and vigorous. Edward Dorn, Michael Rumaker, and Douglas Woolf are all writers one is glad to become acquainted with. I was particular struck by Rumaker's "The Pipe."

There are certain generalizations to be made about the writers included in the volume. For one thing, most of them are in their thirties, although William Burroughs is more than fifty. In the second place, five of the contributors have been previously published by Grove Press, and four have been associated with Black Mountain College. Finally, most of the ten authors write about underprivileged groups—Negroes, Indians, homosexuals, and unskilled laborers. If one has to look for a trend, this seems to be it.

What I don't find is any quality common to the writers represented that can legitimately be described as "new," and it is on this point that I quarrel with Professor Tallman's introduction. After some preliminary remarks, Tallman states: "All of which means that the men in this book should be read simply as writers. Which is not to say they belong to a school, share a manifesto or write alike. That they do share a tendency to consider writing as writing shows up in their exceptional individuality, distinctive differences, markedly dissimilar styles."

What Tallman means when he talks about "writing as writing" may be suggested by this passage: "The chief difference, then, between the older American writing and the new is that between writing considered as a means to an

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end, sentences used as corridors leading to further rooms, and writing considered as an end in itself. The latter will seem limited only to readers who fail to realize that books contain not persons, places and things but words. When Gertrude Stein says that a rose is a rose is a rose she surely means to emphasize that it is, in fact, a rose. Similarly one might say that writing is writing is writing in order to emphasize the fact that it is, in fact, writing." Elsewhere he remarks, "Works that should have been studied in light of their linguistic potential were studied in terms of their semantic potential."

The delusion that writers can and should use words without regard to their meanings is an old one, though it has appeared more often in connection with poetry than prose. But words do have meanings, whether one likes it or not. No one reads Miss Stein's famous sentence without thinking of a flower of a certain kind that has various associations in his mind. "Writing" is a word, too, and Tallman's essay would be even more nonsensical than it is if he and his readers didn't agree as to what the word means.

IT is true, as Tallman says, that writers of the first half of the century—he mentions Yeats, Pound, Lawrence, Joyce, Eliot, William Carlos Williams, Faulkner, and Hart Crane—used words in new ways to represent new experiences and new perceptions. But language for them was a means of communication, as it had been for the Victorians and the Elizabethans and the Greeks. Joyce, as he specifically said, wrote *Finnegans Wake* to be understood, and he expected that posterity would make whatever effort was necessary for its understanding.

As for the ten writers represented here, only William Burroughs is attempting to do something unconventional with words, and he, to my mind, has achieved no very impressive results. Kerouac's gush is third-rate Thomas Wolfe. Most of the others are old-fashioned realists or naturalists. But if there is little reason for calling them "new," that doesn't mean they are unimportant. Selby, Rumaker, Dorn, Woolf, and especially Jones interest me; Creeley and Rechy I am less sure of.

That the book is misrepresented by its title is no reason for not welcoming it. There is good writing here, and, as I have said, the concentration on characters at the bottom of the heap is perhaps significant. I see no particular virtue in writing about the proletariat and the lumpenproletariat, but there is material here for the true writer, and it is good for us to be reminded that life is not always what it seems on the middle-class surface.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

Best-Sellers, Bombs, and Q Tips

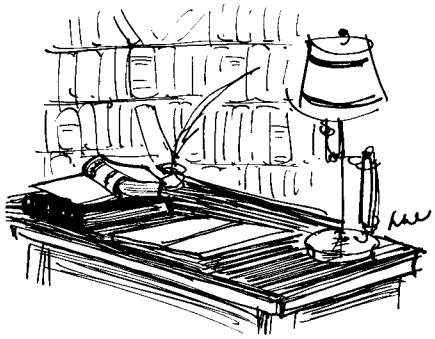
AN AUGUST visitor to the Greenwich Village hideout of the Virginia Kirkus Book Service, after barking his shins on a garbage can chained to the iron grating of the entryway, may, upon stepping into the ground-floor office, suffer a slight temporal disorientation. A large calendar over Miss Kirkus's desk is open to May, while the calendar at the desk of Managing Editor Alice Wolff says September. Miss Kirkus, who is semi-retired, hasn't been in the office since May, whereas Mrs. Wolff is working ahead on the fall books. Working ahead is the whole point of the Kirkus Service or, as it is sometimes called by the staff after the postman has just dumped another sixty-three book galleys on the floor, the Kirkus Circus.

For readers who are unfamiliar with this unique operation, it can be described as a review service for bookstores, libraries, TV producers, movie studios, newspapers, and anyone else who (for a price) wants to get hep on the new books before they go on sale. It has been compared to a private weather forecaster who puts his storm warnings out ahead of the government's. The Kirkus people not only predict the literary weather for the coming months, they handicap it too.

A book, for example, that has unusual merit will get a featured position in the bi-weekly, mimeographed bulletin, and be preceded by a star ★. If it is likely to be a best-seller, it may also be headlined "Manna" or "Drachmas" (the Service almost never condescends to use the naked word "Money"). A bomb, on the other hand, gets briefer mention and is dismissed accordingly. There are a good many books that fall into what Miss Kirkus used to call the Problematical category, and there are those that will sell but don't deserve to. Finally, there is an interesting classification, of recent adoption, known as the "Q" book.

Since the bulletin, which ranges in length from forty to eighty pages, is in one sense a tip sheet (although by no means only that), this special category has come to be called the Q tips. "Q" stands for "of questionable taste for conservative readers," the conservative reader being someone, usually a woman (not necessarily in tennis shoes) who prefers Mary Ellen Chase to Mary McCarthy. In a recent batch of twenty-one novels reviewed by the Service, six got the "Q" rating; among them were *The Motorcycle* ("*seductio ad absurdum*"); *Pinktoes*, and *A Green Tree in Gedde*. Libraries especially pay attention to this designation, the smaller ones tending to shy away from the book, the larger ones buying extra copies, knowing very well their patrons will queue up for it. One metropolitan public library regularly places an order for forty copies of any novel so rated. Publishers have not yet gotten around to putting "Q" on their dust jackets, but they will.

THE Kirkus Book Service was started in 1933. In those days the banks were closed, the bookstores were open, and publishers did not take back unsold copies as they do now. Dealers had to be pretty canny in placing their orders. Miss Kirkus got the idea of making them even cannier while she was a juvenile editor at Harper's. A letter to some ten publishers, asking for advance galley proofs of forthcoming books, was sympathetically received, and the galleys were sent to her. They were reviewed, thumbnail fashion, in a bulletin called "Broadcast," which was mailed to book-



stores. Miss Kirkus handicapped her selections "Must" books, "Dark Horses," and "Problematical," and she seldom went wrong. Bookstore owners were delighted, publishers perhaps less so, since the Service deflated many a flop before it was turned loose on the public.

In 1934 Mrs. Ruth Basham joined Miss Kirkus, and two years later a young Vassar graduate, Alice Wolff, came to work. Mrs. Basham has since retired, and Mrs. Wolff now oversees the staff of five, four of whom are recent graduates of Wheaton, Vassar, and Smith (which means that not many "Q" books get past the infield). The fifth member is Mrs. Harriet Prager, who acts as housmother. The staff has never included a man, possibly because at one time it was widely assumed that women did most of the book buying in this

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country; *ergo* their reading should be screened by a jury of peers. In recent years an outside, free-lance stable of about ten reviewers has been added to handle special subjects. A few of these are men, and they are given visiting privileges during certain hours of the week.

The Service reads and reports on some 4,000 books a year, about 60 per cent of which are handled by the regular staff. Mrs. Wolff, for instance, reads an average of seven books a week in the office, and another seven at home. (Since some of these are cookbooks, and a good many are nonbooks, the work is not as arduous as it may seem.) Two other girls review nothing but juveniles, and between them are expected to weigh in with about ten books a day. They are known as galley slaves. Miss Kirkus herself may pop in, read a book, and pop out, but she has admittedly found the change in reading tastes a bit difficult to adjust to. As sex has become an increasingly staple ingredient in novels, she finds herself traveling more often.

Since libraries are now the largest single group of subscribers, quality rather than salability has become the major criterion of a book. Nevertheless, the staff still prides itself on spotting best-sellers ahead of time. An analysis of a recent *New York Times* best-seller list of fiction revealed that of the ten books listed, only two weren't picked to succeed. Of the remainder, four were panned but nevertheless cut out from the herd, and four were regarded as neutral. But the old tip-sheet style—"Should be easy to sell and rent," "Talk this title," and "Go to it!"—has been discarded in favor of a more moderate approach. Of a recent Taylor Caldwell novel the Service reported: "It is a market that will *not* be discouraged and cannot be discounted."

The Kirkus girls pull no punches. "We don't take advertising, we almost never go to publishers' cocktail parties, and we do no log rolling," Mrs. Wolff declares. "Hence we can be absolutely frank." All reviews are one paragraph long, and they are never signed. Indeed, they seldom read like reviews at all, but rather like notes passed around in school. "Modesty almost keeps us from admitting that we read the book" was the judgment on *Candy*. About Nelson Algren's *Notes from a Sea Diary:* "Now *that's* off his chest, let's hope Algren starts frying his own fish."

And what are the recommended titles for next month? *Electra,* by Gladys Schmitt, and Niven Busch's *The Gentleman from California* are the money books; Tom Cullen's *When London Walked in Terror* and Richard B. Morris's *The Peacemakers* get ★s.

—David Dempsey.

Babbittry Triumphant

The Life of the Mind in America from the Revolution to the Civil War, *by Perry Miller (Harcourt, Brace & World. 338 pp. $7.50), holds that the acceptance of the Enlightenment Sublime has been the source of destructive absurdity in the United States. Morse Peckham teaches Victorian literature at the University of Pennsylvania.*

By MORSE PECKHAM

PERRY MILLER died before he could complete this work. It is a great loss. He had finished only two volumes of the nine he planned—Book I on religious revivalism and Book II on the law. In addition we have a chapter of Book III, "Science—Theoretical and Applied," and the outline for six more chapters. In the unwritten books he proposed to discuss education, political economy and association, philosophy, theology, nature, and the self. It was a magnificent project; to judge by the two completed parts, the whole would have been as splendid as the design. And like all grand designs, it had a central theme: the Sublime, which was to be the subject of a prologue. That this section was never written is occasion for the keenest regret of all, for its absence makes some of what is presented here thematically mysterious. If the book is to be understood properly, if its rich irony and intellectual detachment are to be appreciated, what Miller meant by the Sublime must be grasped.

But to comprehend Miller's conception, it must first be remembered that he was a professor of American literature. Virtually all universities and colleges in this country offer courses in American literature, and here and there one finds courses, programs, and departments called "American Civilization" or "American Studies." The appropriate professional associations

(*Continued on page* 48)

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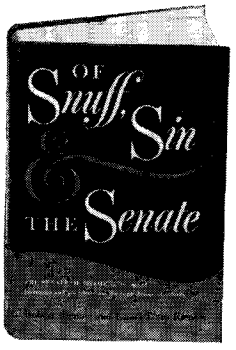

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Crime, Suspense

DETECTIVE'S DUE. By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row. $3.95.

MR. FARADAY'S FORMULA. By David O. Woodbury. Devin-Adair. $3.95.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN. By Ian Fleming. New American Library. $4.50.

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THE ACCIDENTAL CENTURY. By Michael Harrington. Macmillan. $5.95.

CHINA AND THE PEACE OF ASIA. Edited by Alastair Buchan. Praeger. $6.

Economics

ECONOMIC AID AND INTERNATIONAL COST SHARING. By John Pincus. Johns Hopkins. $6.50.

PARETO & MOSCA. By James H. Meisel. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.45.

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Fiction

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DOUBLE MEASURE: A Study of the Novels and Stories of D. H. Lawrence. By George H. Ford. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

THE LYRIC AND DRAMATIC MILTON: Selected Papers from the English Institute. Edited by Joseph H. Summers. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND MODERN ENGLISH FICTION. Edited by Donald Davie. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $1.95.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE COMEDY OF FORGIVENESS. By Robert G. Hunter. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

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THE ROAD TO SANTIAGO: The Pilgrims of St. James. By Walter Starkie. Univ. of California Press. $5.

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(*Additional book reviews on page* 40)

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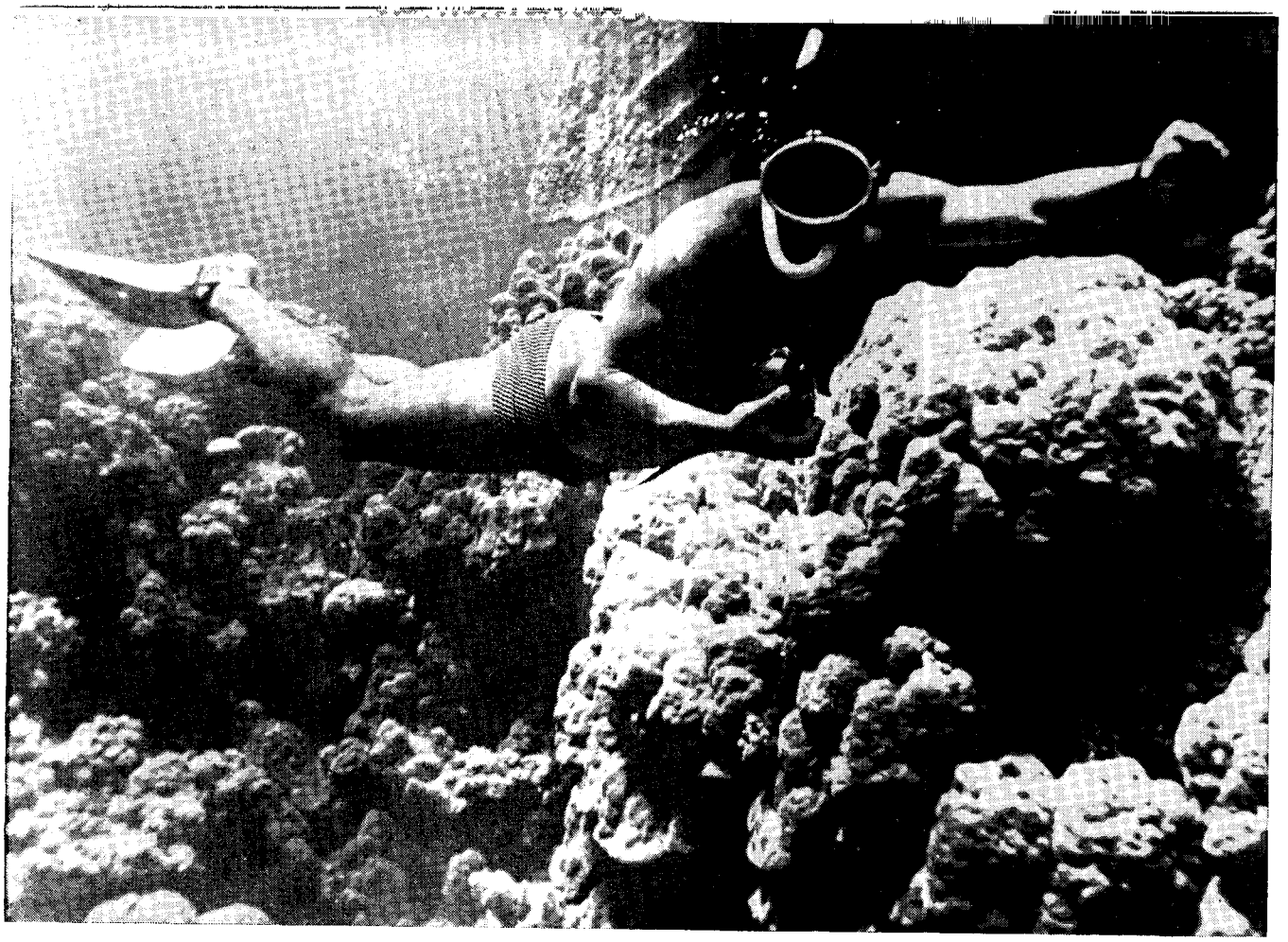

—*All undersea photos from Columbia Pictures.*

Skindiver with a documentary mission is undaunted by razor-sharp coral reef.

THE QUESTING CAMERA

Its Widening World of Discovery

By MARGARET R. WEISS

COULD the scientist in the physics laboratory construct a better human eye than the one nature created? A noted nineteenth-century physicist answered affirmatively and was greeted with a groundfrost of skepticism for the brashness of his claim. Today, with documentary evidence of the miracles being performed by the man-made lens, von Helmholtz's optic optimism seems justified.

Anyone who sat transfixed watching the Gemini astronaut's color film-in-flight, or marveled at Mariner IV's interplanetary picture coup and the "unmanned" live-TV coverage of the Navy Sealab project, can have little doubt about the camera as an eye-opener to wider horizons of experience. Whether reaching for the moon, exploring the secrets of the sea, examining inner structure of tissue or the interior of a turbine, lens and shutter function at fantastic speeds to capture phenomena too fast and too fleeting for the human retina to record.

Responding to the diverse demands of science, communications, and industry, the photographer's battery of equipment and expertise has extended the eye's limited range of vision and its fixed angle of view. In effect, our visual concepts of distance and dimension have had to be revised. "Near" and "far," "large" and "small" are relative to the lens that views them. Each change of lens, each shift in perspective, nets new information and insight.

Even familiar objects are revealed in a fresh framework of relationships and framed in relationship to their total environment; natural forms display their intrinsic organization and design. Through film image, the eye discovers the close graphic kinship between woodland forest and windowpane frost, swirls of water and movements of spiral nebulae, a molecule of protein and a marble-veined mountain. Examine a photomicrograph of a speck of protein. Then compare it with aerial views of earth's topography or a submarine study of coral formation. All disclose contours, shapes, surfaces, and patterns of the same order—a fact not found in Euclid's seven volumes but in the special geometry of the viewfinder.

Three separate but concurrent photographic events have been giving audiences a see-it-yourself opportunity to confirm this: a museum director's photography exhibit at the World's Fair; a microbiologist's slide lecture on God; an explorer's feature-length documentary on an oceanaut community in the Red Sea. At first glance, the three men—Beaumont Newhall, Dr. Roman Vishniac, and Jacques-Yves Cousteau—may seem a disparate trio. What makes them akin is the shared concept that the

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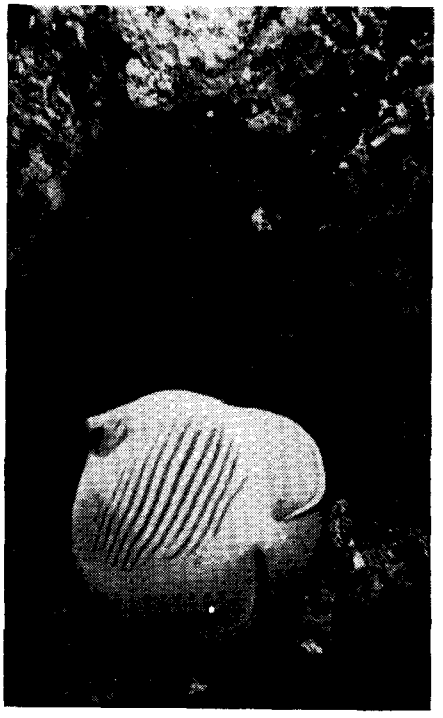
Underwater-camera exploration of ocean floor turns science fiction into science fact.



Submarine "angling" makes a big catch: weird fish and exotic rock formation.

***World Without Sun* oceanaut housing: diving saucer for 1,000-foot descent, onion-shaped garage, plexiglass cages to trap sharks or rare specimens.**

questing camera opens vast new playing-fields for man's wonder, dreams, and speculations.

Commenting on the *World From the Air* show he has just installed in the Kodak Pavilion, Beaumont Newhall points out, "There is often great beauty in these utilitarian photographs, and this esthetic by-product of the functional air-camera can provide us with rich and stimulating visual experience. . . . Every photograph has both literal meaning and extraordinary beauty." Noting the "strange uniformity between earth-forms seen from great altitudes and organic forms," he finds them "reminiscent of paintings and sculpture and other forms of visual expression of contemporary artists."

Similarly, scientist Roman Vishniac admits dipping into the lexicon of art for terms descriptive of his photomicrographs of protein chemistry. Made visible by extreme magnification is the dramatic dynamics of catalysis—the process that triggers a chemical reaction which may mirror "a happening, a composition of abstract design, a mosaic, or a stained-glass window." To Vishniac, his protein subjects represent "little fragments of eternity," each image revealing a macrocosm *in micro*, the essence of life, the coalescence of truth and beauty.

Less concerned with the essence of life than with the physical environment that supports it, Cousteau has taken his movie camera down to the sea in ships of his own design. In the sunless depths of the Red Sea, on an underwater cliff of the ore- and oil-rich Continental Shelf near Port Sudan, he submerged a "city" housing five golden-suited oceanauts. There, for a month, lens and film trailed them as they lived and worked as far as 1,000 feet below the surface. Such camera exploits as these document Cousteau's belief in *sub*sistence: "The experiment has been a giant step toward making permanent cities in the sea. In ten years, men will farm sea foods and farm sea animals, and under-

(*Continued on page* 39)

In aerial color photos such as these, the high-flying lens collects down-to-earth data and unexpected dividends of beauty.

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FARMLAND, LOIRE VALLEY, FRANCE. *Charles Rotkin*

BLACK WARRIOR RIVER, ALABAMA. *William Garnett*

HAWAII. *William Garnett*

Sky views uncover classic forms and abstract patterns in commonplace terrain.

—Color photos from "The World from the Air" exhibit.

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LOG BOOM, NEW BRUNSWICK. *George Hunter*

JAPANESE FISHING. *William Garnett*

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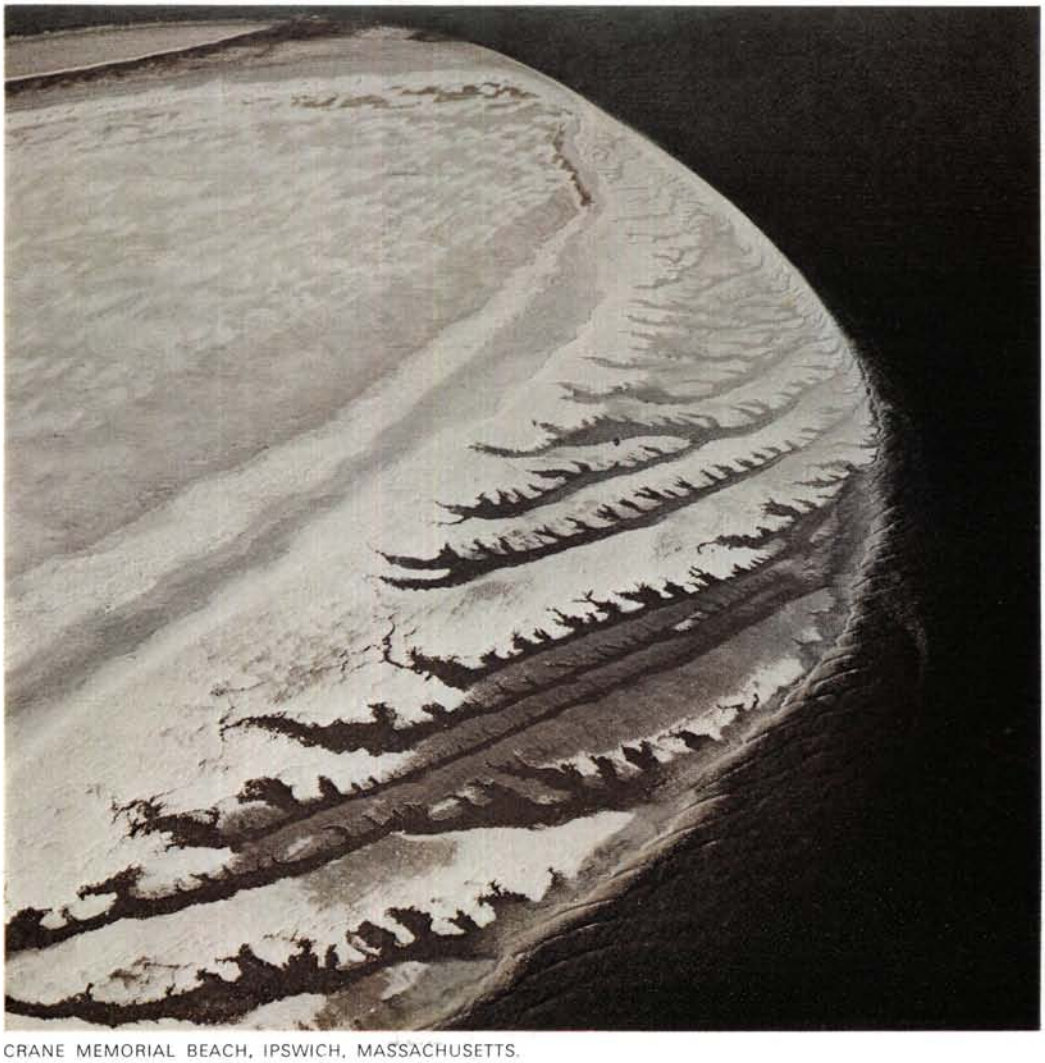
RICE FARM, SACRAMENTO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.
William Garnett

PLOWING, CALIFORNIA. *William Garnett*



CRANE MEMORIAL BEACH, IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS.
Laurence Lowry from Rapho-Guillumette.

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BAY DE VERDE, NEWFOUNDLAND. *George Hunter*

ICE, MONO LAKE, CALIFORNIA. *William Garnett*

OWENS LAKE, CALIFORNIA. *William Garnett*

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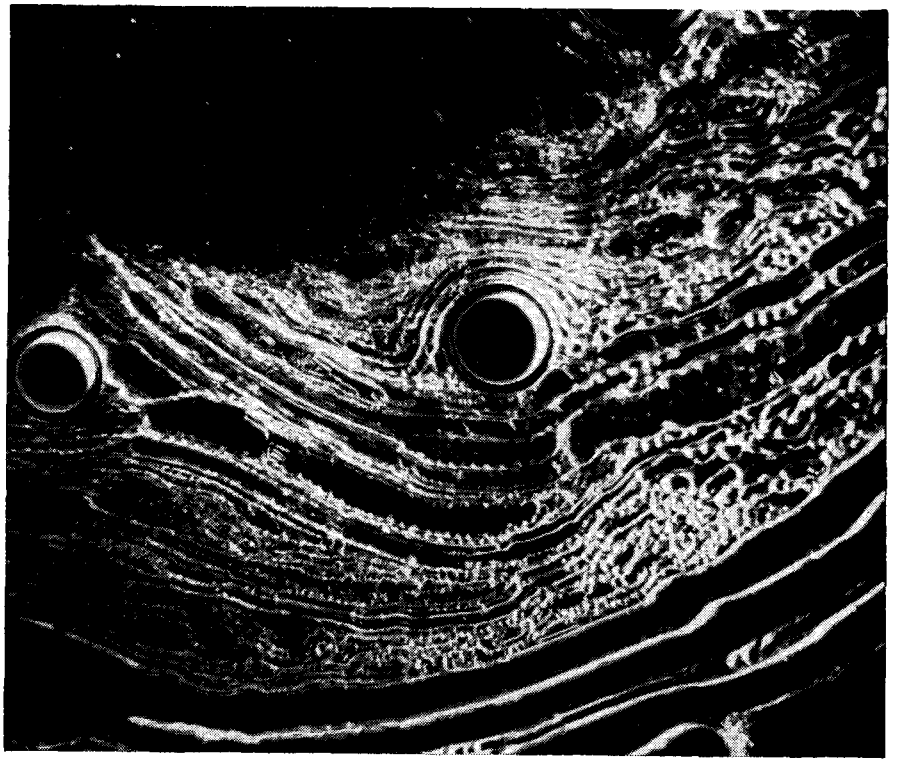
Continued from page 34

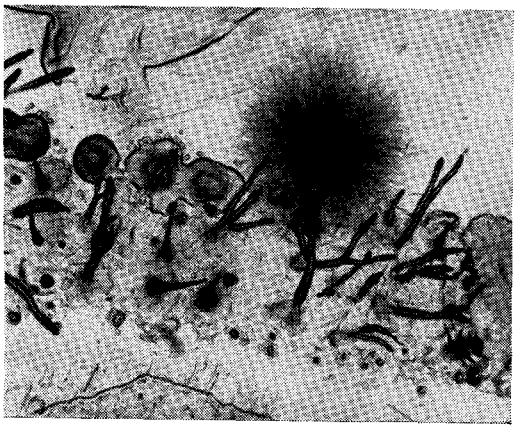
water cultivation of fish and algae farms may be the salvation of the world's hungry. One day soon, men will walk on the ocean floor as they do on the street."

As an encyclopedic informer on everything from aquaculture to zoology, the camera has grown venturesome as well as versatile. With equal ease it hitches to microscope, telescope, or satellite. It records the farmer's contour plowing, strip mining, the macadam ribbons of the roadbuilder, the forester's timberlands. It travels with the marine biologist and the mountaineer, with geologists, cartographers, Army reconnaissance units. From high above, far below, and deep within, it is seeing the world —many new worlds, seen and unseen— and through its crystal lens the universe observed is both voyage and discovery.

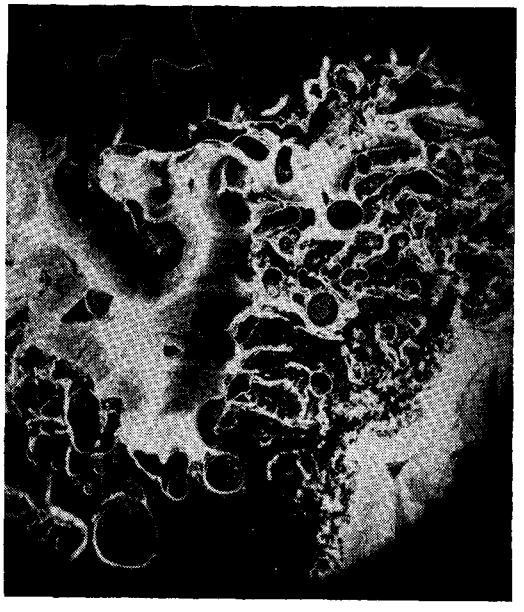
Though our age may not have produced the Universal Man of the Renaissance, the man-made lens has given us a Universal Eye—one that exhibits a kindred restless curiosity, a similar genius for experiment and exploration.



Photomicrographically, dynamics of a chemical reaction take "sea-monster" shape.



Battleground of fungi's antibiotic action becomes peaceful landscape-by-lens.



Catalysis of protein hormone, corticosteroid, reveals a maelstrom of activity.

Macrocosm *in micro:* reaction pattern of cystine, amino acid found in wood, hair, and horn.

—Photomicrographs (magnification X1500, enlarged 10X) by Roman Vishniac.

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Love Is Where You Find It

***Midnight Cowboy**, by James Leo Herlihy (Simon & Schuster. 253 pp. $4.95), tells of an innocent, slow-witted orphan from Houston who comes to New York in search of a career in prostitution. Emile Capouya is a regular contributor to SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

AN ODDITY of the times is that books like this one will be praised—deservedly—in magazines of general circulation, by reviewers who cannot permit themselves to do much more than hint at what actually goes on in the novel. They can give the outline of the story, right enough, but cannot convey any more of its tone and moral animus than may be expressed by indirection. They cannot even quote characteristic passages. Not that *Midnight Cowboy* is legally obscene or in "bad taste," but it would be very bad taste, as our customs go, to give a candid account of it in a review. I mention it because that gap in our manners makes it difficult even to assess such a book fairly, and in this case the gap is very much the point of the book.

Joe Buck is an orphan, though he once had three mothers at a time, and he has been raised chiefly by a television set. He has had a hitch in the service, but was not permitted to re-up because he showed too much emotion on the death of a racy, though vague, adoptive grandmother. Had he been allowed to find a home in the army, there would have been no story, most likely. But now he is on his own, a dishwasher in Houston, slow-witted, lonely, innocent, affable. Physically, he is the all-American boy, and he is being exploited by persons of both sexes who are less interested in him than in sensation. One particularly flagrant instance makes him revolt. He is free, white, and twenty-five; from now on, he'll do the exploiting. From movies and other art forms that hold the mirror up to nature he has learned that there are legions of rich ladies in the East who are pining for the kind of services he can offer. Elegantly outfitted as a cowboy, carrying a black-and-white horsehide suitcase and a transistor radio, he gets on the bus for New York.

He has no luck with the rich ladies. A crippled sneak-thief and con man named Rizzo promises to find Joe an impresario, but decamps with his commission. Joe's money dwindles away. Failing women customers he tries the men, though his heart isn't in it, and he earns enough to starve on through a New York autumn. Then he catches sight of his swindler through the window of the Nedick's on Eighth Street. Joe pounces, but he is not angry any more. He disdainfully accepts Rizzo's invitation to flop at his place. The cripple and the handsome make-believe cowboy set up light housekeeping.

As it turns out, Rizzo has no more talent for larceny than Joe has for prostitution—both of them lack drive and business sense. Joe bears the main burden of their support because, as Rizzo observes, "Now you take your average fag: Very few of 'em want a cripple." Rizzo has visions of an ideal Florida, gleaned from travel agents' folders. He also has a bad cough. Moved by the first familial sentiment he has ever been allowed to entertain, Joe decides that he and Rizzo must get to Florida, cost what it may. He finds a tired businessman, listens an evening long to his proto-amorous monologue, and finally relieves him of his wallet by force. He piles his visibly failing buddy onto the bus and nurses him through most of the thirty-one-hour trip, revolving in his mind plans of finding a job, getting a decent room. The story ends tragically, but leaves Joe not so much shaken by loss as inspirited by the nearest thing to love he has yet known.

An appalling story, told with great skill, and important because Joe Buck is a characteristic product of the way we live and yet he cannot be adequately discussed outside of a novel. He is not a case but a person, so that poetry and not sociology is the proper instrument for apprehending him, as Mr. Herlihy very well understands. But the poetry sometimes fails because of a gratuitous exercise of Mr. Herlihy's gifts. He has a taste, and a talent, for drawing human grotesques—that literary plague loosed upon us by Sherwood Anderson, confirmed by the Nathanael West of *Miss Lonelyhearts*, and propagated still, in a somewhat etiolated form, by J. D. Salinger. Good authors, but authors with an infirmity. The defect of the grotesque as a genre is that it exploits exoticism and the *nouveau frisson* at the expense of reality. Things are not real, in or out of books, simply because they happen. The grotesque ignores the real in favor of a lively surface, and in that way it is sentimental.

Accordingly, I will not mention the bravura scenes of *Midnight Cowboy*, drawn with great dash but basically frivolous by comparison with the author's chief insight and intention. And that is the social isolation, invisibility even, of Joe Buck—to the point that comment on him in a review must inevitably scant the issue.

—*Stanley Mills Haggart.*

James Leo Herlihy—"an appalling story told with great skill."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1151

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1151 will be found in the next issue.

RI YRKY YKWUIYR NRKY RI

UABNIYR NSWW KWXB YKWU

NRKY RI UABNIYR ABY.

FKGBA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1150

Experience is the name everyone gives to his mistakes.—OSCAR WILDE.

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The Back of God's Hand

Let Me Count the Ways, *by Peter De Vries (Little, Brown. 307 pp. $5), is a comic novel that explores the religious and other foibles of a Polish-American furniture mover and his academic son. Rod Jellema, who teaches English at the University of Maryland, is general editor of the Eerdmans series of booklets, Contemporary Writers in Christian Perspective, which will include his study of Peter De Vries.*

By ROD JELLEMA

IT HAS become fashionable to assert that Peter De Vries, surely the funniest novelist now writing, is a disturbed and serious artist who should be given considered attention. Carefully hinting that he alone sees the agony beneath the humor, the person who says this scolds the rest of us for lack of perceptiveness. Yet the fact is more and more readers are becoming aware of his seriousness.

This, however, does not in any way suggest a decline in De Vries's sense of the ludicrous. *Let Me Count the Ways* is as brilliantly funny as its predecessors. Its protagonist, Stan Waltz, is a Polish-American vernacular character with freethinking, intellectual pretensions. "I don't mean I'm a brain," Stan explains his atheistic barbs, "but I do try to use what gray matter God gave me. Oops, there isn't any." His wife's getting saved --"plain lowdown, cornball, meat-and-potatoes Jesus *Saves* saved"—puts her, Stan sighs, "beyond redemption." As she gives him tracts on the street, fundamentalist non sequiturs at the table, and a "Bible belt" for his birthday, Stan rummages through his bizarre world looking for peace and sense. He is a hefty piano mover whose quest of a sympathetic mistress (the intellectual type, "not being able to communicate and so on . . . a copy of *Redbook* or *Cosmopolitan* always under her arm") fizzles when he suffers a hernia trying to lug her to the bedroom. He is the mocking nonbeliever who trembles and prays and baptizes himself under the kitchen tap only to find that what he took to be Christ's Second Coming was a conflagration at the fireworks factory. He is the free-love advocate who develops the habit of watching tenderly through the bedroom window as his wife undresses, only to be picked up by the police and quoted in the town paper as a unique kind of Peeping Tom.

Although Part Two is narrated by and focused on Stan's clever son, a college English teacher, the farce and slapstick roll crazily on. With two backgrounds to rebel against, Tom Waltz has emotional binges in which he shouts during mission revival meetings, then sings blasphemous parodies of old hymns with truck drivers in a bar. On leave of absence to get hold of himself, he undergoes what must be the strangest conversion in literature: it is brought about by a miraculous sickness at Lourdes.

But there is a great deal more here than the farcical and slapstick. And what more there is is wedded to the comedy in a kind of mystical union. This ability to catch the coalescence of the absurd and the grim, the foolish and the compassionate, in a tragifarce concoction, is De Vries's singular achievement. Call it, if you wish, complexity—a rich sense of man's helplessness, his capacity for self-deception, his loneliness in an essentially rotten world, his need for understanding and love. In each of De Vries's novels the characters try to escape into the suave world of urbane self-confidence—only to stumble into absurdities but partly of their own making; they come out of it exhausted and mellowed and mildly pathetic. This theme of escape and pity does not run alongside the comedy; it is the comedy.

Peter De Vries—"a startled vision of man."

It starts with De Vries's awareness of human inadequacy, of Original Sin.

In its tender embodiment of a startled vision of man, *Let Me Count the Ways* is strong enough to override and absorb the tricks with which De Vries is sometimes too versatile. Agony was predominant in *Blood of the Lamb*, zaniness in *Tunnel of Love*. Achieving in his latest novel a harmony of the two, De Vries penetrates with greater clarity the odd dimensions of the modern spiritual predicament.

Exorcising D-Day: The Goncourt jury awarded its prize in 1963 to Armand Lanoux's *The Broken Shore*, translated by Alan Daventry (Dutton, $4.50), a story of World War II revisited. Sixteen years after D-Day a French-Canadian ex-GI and the fiancée of his buddy who was killed in action make a pilgrimage to the beaches of Normandy, looking for Jacques's grave.

The novel purports to narrate the exorcism of a spell cast over the two by Jacques's death, which has blighted their lives since the war. One suspects, however, they will be the poorer for it. Valerie is a spinster schoolteacher. Liberated, she can know that her Jacques was no angel and that she has been using his memory to ward off men in general. She can now marry Abel and have children. Lots of luck! Abel is a bald and heavy-set radio announcer, whose definition of life has been "clowning and putrescence!" His liberation is the discovery (qualified by the author as possibly an illusion) that although forgetfulness is life and kids go on playing no matter which side wins the war, the kids in France are now "free from fear."

The thought in this novel is muddled and the ending seems a pious bit tacked on; yet the book does not let us down entirely. Lanoux's narrative skill is well displayed by the alternating accounts of Abel's experiences during the invasion and those of his present holiday. Memories of muck, the bombs, and the girls float through his mind: Jennifer the Southampton barmaid, Lucette found in a cellar, the Resistance fighters from the booby hatch, the German prisoners Abel could not shake off, soldiers floundering in swamps, the dead and the agonized, are woven through the account of Abel's vacation adventures.

Possibly it is because Abel comes so vividly to life in his pranks and pleasures that the "message" of the book seems tacked on. There is enough without it—for ex-GIs who can imagine themselves going back, for others who can live vicariously, even for those who relish disquisitions on subjects like war brass, the American matriarchy, or the American bosom fixation.

—LAURENT LESAGE.

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A Sense of Loss

A Penny for Charity, *by Seymour Epstein (Little, Brown. 242 pp. $4.95), presents a gallery of unexceptional people coping with lives that have not fulfilled their youthful expectations. Ruth Brown is a member of SR's editorial staff.*

By RUTH BROWN

LIKE the author's widely praised novel *Leah*, the sixteen stories in this collection are concerned for the most part with unremarkable people in commonplace circumstances. Seymour Epstein's characters are neither rebellious nor especially neurotic, and their collisions with life lead not to catastrophe but to an experience of the "tears in things."

A recurring theme is the bewilderment and sense of loss that follow when early visions are abandoned for the compromises the world demands of most of us. The young husband in "Playgrounds, Parties, and the Primordial Molecule" is distressed because his friends' cocktail conversation has deteriorated from "Proust and politics" to business, babies, and dirty jokes. In "The Ride Back from Lenox" the young father confesses that he resents his children with their "greedy, mindless, draining encroachments"; he recalls a drunken automobile ride with his wife, when "at least you were a creature alive on earth and not a flat dumb surface pasted with timetables, wet diapers and bills!" His wife's reply, "We're ordinary people. Neither of us will ever be very important," makes him realize that she has "gone on alone in the busy resignation of things as they must be."

A third young husband, in "Wheat Closed Higher and Cotton Was Mixed," is married to an untalented would-be actress. Having "pinched off the nerve of illusion," he gives up his own promising career as a director to enable her to pursue her futile ambition. He also submits to her emotional blackmail (as Leah did to her father's), cultivating the gentle mendacity that will protect her from self-awareness.

But the sense of loss is not limited to the still young. Middle-aged Mr. Kaplan in "The Wreckers," an electrical supplies dealer who is selling his failing business, watches while a building across the street, one of his life's backdrops, is being demolished, copes with telephone calls from an insufferable daughter (married to a successful businessman), and thinks wistfully of Mr. Nicoletti, the tailor downstairs, who makes little money but has the satisfaction of creating something with his own hands.

The title story, "A Penny for Charity," concerns a grocer, Max Keller, who, otherwise fairly content with his life, wears his ugly body like a borrowed garment. On what may be his deathbed his fevered dreams persuade him that he has "picked up the wrong baggage somehow," and that if he presents his check at the proper window he will receive his rightful form. Thus the ancient idea of conflict between flesh and spirit, fleetingly visible in much of Epstein's other work, is here made manifest.

In several stories Epstein enters into the minds of the very old. The ancient Mr. Isaacs, a Polish immigrant, sits all day in the sun while fragments of the faraway past stray across his fading mind like vivid but disjointed snippets from an old film. Epstein is less successful when he tries to see through the eyes of the very young: his children remain at one remove.

In such a varied collection it is not surprising that one or two stories should not quite come off. Epstein's gift for creating unique if unexceptional personalities deserts him in "Happy Birthday," which reads as though he were working some private irritation out of his system. There is an unmistakable and uncharacteristic note of spite in the portrait of the tiresome Paula and her strenuous worship of "good taste." She is evoked less through her own words or actions than through her husband's resentment as he shops for the birthday present that has turned into an annual test of his own esthetic development.

But for most of its length the book—devoid as it is of either sentimentality or cynicism (which are, after all, the same thing)—displays both intuition and compassion. Epstein's people live lives that lack spectacular excitement or profound tragedy, but for all their failings and foolishness they have courage and even a touch of dignity.

"You are as blind as a bat, sir."

Terror on the Mediterranean: Prescription for a fine summer afternoon: one hammock, one iced drink, and a copy of *In the Sun*, by Jon Godden (Knopf, $4.95). If there's a cool breeze blowing, so much the better, but it isn't really necessary. The shivers of apprehension that ripple across Miss Godden's

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Legends of the Old Man

Notes from a Sea Diary: Hemingway All the Way, *by Nelson Algren (Putnam. 224 pp. $4.50), and* ***Hemingway: An Old Friend Remembers,*** *by Jed Kiley (Hawthorn. 198 pp. $3.95), consider respectively the novelist and the legendary tough guy. Morley Callaghan's books include "That Summer in Paris."*

By MORLEY CALLAGHAN

ALTHOUGH these two books should have a place side by side in the literature about Hemingway, that is not quite fair to Nelson Algren, who has his own remarkable talent. But since he is wonderfully angry and vituperative about those critics who were so blinded by the Hemingway of the legends that they couldn't look clearly or objectively at his work, it is a happy coincidence that Jed Kiley's portrait of Hemingway the tough guy, the fighter, and the mighty fisherman appears about the same time.

As Algren remarks in his wry and mocking manner, he finally felt compelled to have his say about Hemingway. Armed with essays by some of the Master's critics whom he despises, he shipped from Seattle on the *Malaysia Mail* bound for Bombay, Calcutta, and ports on the China Sea. Hemingway may have been on his mind all the way, but fortunately Algren is a storyteller. Vivid, entertaining, brutal, often humorous, he uses a playfully sardonic style as he heads toward a point of irony. His adventures on ship and ashore are used as a background for his own haunting image of Hemingway. At each port Algren and his seamen companions head for a brothel. What happens in these places provokes him to meditations on the customs of the natives—life in Asia as seen through a bordello peephole. Back on ship he remembers scenes from his youth or from New York or Hollywood, and listens to the tall tales of the seamen, but always he comes back to devout thoughts about Hemingway.

The reader begins to have some misgivings about this design. Hemingway's life and work set against the brutality and viciousness of these shore scenes? Does he really belong in this Algren conception of reality? In any case, Algren's passionate, honest, and moving defense becomes a hymn to Hemingway from the lower depths.

There is one unintended irony: Algren goes after those critics—Podhoretz, Macdonald, and Fiedler (he names them with relish)—who use a novelist's work simply as a jumping-off point for the enlargement of their own personalities. As Algren sees it, these critics were so bilious with envy at the way Hemingway had exploited himself that they couldn't bear to read what he had actually written; the legend always got in the way. Yet when Algren deals with his own single encounter with Hemingway he seems to get carried away himself. The meeting took place in Havana. Algren called on Hemingway. And what happened? The account becomes so arch one could shriek in exasperation. Hemingway clowns. He talks—but only about old-time fighters. The thing becomes a cute stage piece: Hemingway is "on," and so is Algren. In a later passage he says that Hemingway was a simple, dignified human being. Then why does Algren keep this hidden? As it stands, his portrait fits all too easily into the Kiley view of Hemingway.

Jed Kiley had known Hemingway as a boy in Chicago. They had one thing in common: they loved the fights. Kiley, who had been a newspaperman in Chicago, went to Paris, and in 1927 was established as the owner of a Right Bank night club and as writer and editor of a magazine called *The Boulevardier*. Right from the beginning his book creates a rather startling effect. It reads like a parody of the early Hemingway. It's good, it's funny, it's preposterous; and to add to the wonder of it, Kiley keeps protesting that he could never read a book of Hemingway's.

Kiley's story is a revelation of the "gee whiz" attitude toward Hemingway. Whether he is shown being shrewd about money or shrewd about the habits of fish in the sea, he is always the wonder boy. The book is astonishingly vivid; but for me, at least, the facts are forced to fit into a fantasy.

TO take one example, in 1936 Kiley, with his friend the correspondent Floyd Gibbons, was in Cuba for fishing with Hemingway. The natives were aware that Hemingway had made a standing offer of £10 to any challenger who could stay two rounds with him. One day, exhausted from fishing and full of food and drink, he was challenged by a local giant. Kiley's description of the bout, in which he makes the gimpy-legged Hemingway move with the grace and speed of Sugar Ray Robinson, is simply ludicrous to one who knew Hemingway's boxing style. No one can doubt the simple fact that Hemingway knocked out some boy. What is astonishing is that Kiley could see the whole thing in terms of the legend. One can only say, "Gee whiz."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

DRAMAGRAMS

Frank Daly of New York City has scrambled the names of ten authors and their books, and dares you to unscramble them. Hint: the books are all biographies or autobiographies of theater and motion-picture personalities. Masks are removed on page 49.

Author	*Title*
1. Mars Shot	*One Cat*
2. New Log Reef	*Wrong Dice Sign the Poet*
3. Iced Clime Bell	*I Hop About Gray*
4. Argue My Entire Court	*Utter Ale*
5. The Grim Cut Clinic	*Kind Mate*
6. The Real West	*How I Say Sheer Tripe Son*
7. The Bench	*Rich Ale*
8. O Dear Clown	*In Diet I Refute Fun*
9. The Seal Lancers	*No Daughter Shall I Can*
10. Hero Lost By Crew	*Ah Jolly Hood War*

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LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Sex Crimes and Abortion

THE APPALLING NARROWMINDEDNESS of Anna Kross in reviewing three volumes on sex crimes [*SR*, Aug. 7] makes me wonder how she earned her reputation as a penologist. . . . Whatever kind of disparagement she may fling at the methods of the Sex Research Institute, a respectful reading of some of their conclusions might have modified her statements on such matters as violence in sex crimes. The Kinsey team substantiate the conclusion that sex crimes are almost never associated with violence except in cases of forcible rape, which is by definition accomplished with force. When characterizing a child molester as "if not actually insane, . . . likely to be a sex psychopath with no control over his own actions," she has come up with a technically meaningless statement that implies far more than facts will back up.

This kind of pulp pyrotechnics, coming from a supposedly authoritative source, leads one to the despairing conclusion that the work of Sellin, Cloward, Cohen and Short, Sutherland, Porterfield, *et al.*, in sociological analysis of criminality has all been in vain. God grant I may never be subjected to the tender ministrations of an Anna Kross!

PAUL K. HARTLEY.
San Francisco, Calif.

IN "The Social Problem of Sexual Assault" [Anna Kross] quotes many methods for prevention of sex crimes. All of them have been tried before and none have worked. Castration might scare men where nothing else would into curbing their desires. It certainly would prevent any repetition.

TOM E. COLEMAN.
Norman, Okla.

IN REGARD TO the liberal abortion laws advocated by Judge Anna M. Kross, Clinton T. Duffy, *et. al.*: when it becomes legal to kill human beings for their own good, will those able to speak for themselves be allowed to do so? Suppose they don't agree?

MRS. RICHARD W. STALLARD.
San Jose, Calif.

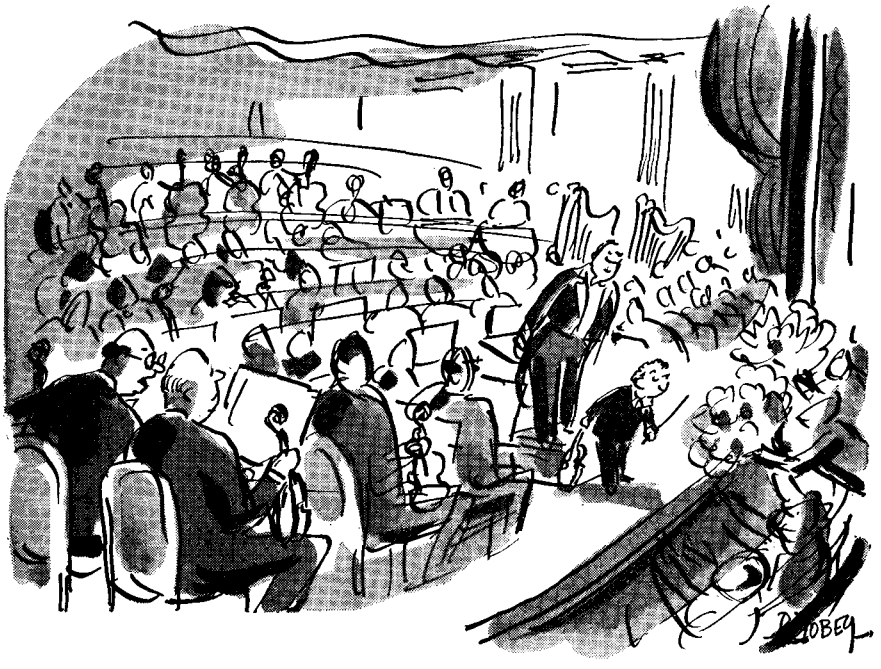
WHAT CHILD in a too-large family, or who has some impairment, or who is illegitimate, or even with a rapist for a father and a weakling for a mother, would not prefer life—even a handicapped life—to the ultimate handicap of death itself?

No child, we could affirm with equal conviction, should be asked to start life under the dark pall of possible atomic destruction, any more than a child should be asked to start life in poverty or as a member of an oppressed minority race. But we don't seek to eliminate these evils by eliminating the child!

No; please don't predicate a plea for easy abortion on the rights of the *child*, for if a child has any rights it has the most basic of rights, the right to life itself. . . .

Your reviewer liked also the passage wherein Mr. Duffy writes that the quickest cure for illegal abortion is to make it legal. For that matter, the quickest cure for illegal bookmaking, illegal prostitution, theft, rape and murder would be to legalize these activities, for, as Mr. Duffy states concerning abortion, they cannot be legislated out of existence. Nor does Mr. Duffy's statement that countries where abortion is legal have practically eliminated the illegal abortionist stand the test of examination. When abortions were liberalized in the Scandinavian countries, the rate of illegal abortions actually increased, rather than decreased, for the reason that the women preferred to have their abortions in secret. This inherent urge for secrecy seems to carry some implications concerning the true nature of abortions.

W. R. TRINKAUS.
Los Angeles, Calif.



"That's me, forty-five years ago."

Raised Hackles

I HAVE THE HIGHEST RESPECT for Granville Hicks as a critic, a writer and a man of letters but my hackles rise in resentment at his implication in *SR* Aug. 7 that we who find *Herzog* dull simply haven't the intelligence or background to appreciate it. I am one who found it duller than dish water but I am not exactly an ignoramus. If I am a middlebrow, whatever that may be, this middlebrow has read all or most of Hemingway, Faulkner, Dreiser, Hardy, Maugham, Sherwood, and, with a "bow" to Mr. Hicks, Shakespeare. Also Victor Hugo, Zola, Dostoevsky, how many more?

I feel that I have "a certain literary background," which he specifies for the enjoyment of *Herzog*, and I have read philosophical discussions and when I want more of the same I'll go to them or textbooks. The truth of the matter is . . . if you have to read a book two or three times to know what the author is talking about, that book belongs on the junk heap.

HARRY ROBERT.
Maywood, N.J.

I STILL THINK *Herzog* is a dull, turgid, tedious, and incoherent novel. Saul Bellow seems to have a marked inability to choose the right words for what he wants to say, and his flashbacks do very little to illuminate the character of Herzog. . . . The primary task of an author is to make himself clear (or at least to "be obscure clearly," as E. B. White, once said). If an author will not do this he is either evading his responsibility as a writer or showing that he is artistically ineffective.

WALTER J. HERRSCHER.
Green Bay, Wis.

WHY CAN'T THE REVIEWERS take pity on the middlebrows and interpret [novels like *An American Dream*, *Herzog*, and *Ulysses*] to our insensitive minds? Until they do, I shall continue to suspect that a "difficult" novel is one written by an author who has nothing to convey and wraps that emptiness in chatter, frequently pornographic.

EARLE O. WHITTIER.
Rehoboth Beach, Del.

THE OPINIONS offered [by Granville Hicks] are wonderfully baseless, unless a personal dislike of Norman Mailer is a proper base for literary criticism: "He [Rojack] has even less interest in ideas than Mailer himself.". . . Of Mailer, Mr. Hicks says, "What egotism." The same may be said of Mr. Hicks if he thinks he can offer his "opinion"

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as literary criticism. He might as well have mine: I like *An American Dream*.

WILLIAM BABULA.

Berkeley, Calif.

Conversion, When and How

IN ARTHUR BURNS's review of my latest book, *The Perils of Peace* [*SR*, Aug. 7], he takes me to task for not properly assessing the pressing current national needs if and when we ever convert from a wartime to a peacetime (to be fulfilled) economy.

After noting that I have covered the urban needs—including air and water pollution, high-speed mass transportation, housing, schools, etc.—as well as the more glamorous and sophisticated needs of the future—colonies on the moon, under water and in our irrigated deserts and cleared jungles—he then proceeds to state flatly that I haven't answered the question of my subtitle: "*Conversion to* What?" If he had listed a few alternatives of his own, his criticism may have been valid, but then we mustn't forget that it was his failure to point out our unfilled domestic needs to former President Eisenhower while he was serving that Administration as Chief Economic Adviser that has led to the current wave of social legislation to meet those pent-up needs challenging the Great Society.

I still believe the answer to the question "Conversion to What?" is known to most thinking Americans. The unanswered questions, which I tried to point out in my book, is *how* and *when* do we make this critical and important conversion?

DONALD W. COX.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Needed: New Arithmetic

IN HIS REVIEW of Thurman Arnold's *Fair Fights and Foul: A Dissenting Lawyer's Life* [*SR*, July 31], Myer Feldman mentions the "fine tales of the West in the days when it took two days by pack animal to traverse the thirty-square-mile ranch owned by Thurman Arnold's father." . . . To avoid fractional distances, let us assume that the ranch measured five by six miles. Certainly, even the most sluggish creature could have traversed the longest distance in eight hours or less. Taking an extreme point of view, let us assume that the ranch was one mile wide and thirty miles long—admittedly a rather odd shape for a Wyoming ranch, especially considering the sixty-two miles of fencing that would be required to surround it. Nevertheless, even on a burro the longest traverse could have been completed in one day.

What gives—typo or tortoise?

ARTHUR D. PIAGGIO.

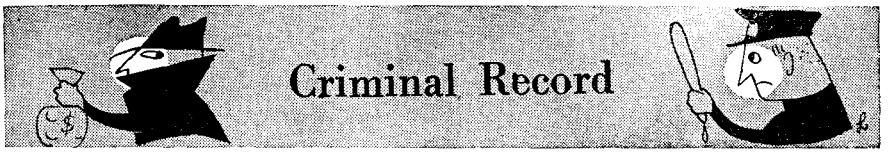
Stanford, Calif.

Also Needed: New Geography

AS AUTHOR of a recent review [*F. Scott Fitzgerald: A Critical Portrait*, *SR*, July 31] I was identified as head of the English Department at the University of Iowa, *which I am not*. I am chairman of the Department of English at the University of Utah.

KENNETH EBLE.

Salt Lake City, Utah



A Hive of Glass. *By P. M. Hubbard. Atheneum.* $3.95. Pursuit of a Verzelini *tizza* (a sort of Elizabethan cake-stand) leads English collector into strange waters and down a hole in the ground. Excellent, largely by reason of author's obviously expert knowledge of what he is writing about.

Danger at Bravo Key. *By Ronald Johnston. Doubleday.* $3.95. Fleet Street journalist, wrecked on Bahaman islet, finds self in even tighter jam when Cuban group of uncertain allegiances tries to take over; Boston gal strangely present. A corking blood-and-thunder bit.

May You Die in Ireland. *By Michael Kenyon. Morrow.* $3.95. Dr. William Foley, Chicago math prof, flies to Eire to take over castle willed him by aunt, runs into the wrong kind of natives and has one hell of a time. Gorgeous fun.

The Third Side of the Coin. *By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann.* $3.95. Teller at London Airport bank branch lams to Spain with heavy lucre; disaster and love await him (sorry, pal, but Uncle Sam emits no $25 bills).

Waiting for a Tiger. *By Ben Healey. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Paul Hedley, English painter ("Nude at a Window," etc.), holidaying on French Riviera, meets comely female compatriot whose hobby seems to be ducking small-arms fire. Sprightly, nicely written.

Royal Flush. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $3.95. This fourth Nero Wolfe omnibus is made up of two full-length novels (*Fer de Lance*, 1934, and *Murder by the Book*, 1951) and three novelettes. The year's detection bargain to date.

Come Out, Come Out. *By George Malcolm-Smith. Crime Club.* $3.50. Search for mystery stockholder who toils not but certainly does spin sends Nathan Bell of Hartford insurance monolith hither and yon, largely in southern New England. Fine hunting here, with bright touches of comedy.

The Mind Readers. *By Margery Allingham. Morrow.* $4.50. Five seemingly unrelated incidents occurring on a London autumn evening to five unrelated people blossom into a mystery that taxes the talents of Mr. Albert Campion, gentleman criminologist. One for that long Labor Day weekend.

Best Detective Stories of the Year. *Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton.* $3.95. Sixteen tales (none of them spy yarns, and the editor's introduction tells you why) make up this twentieth annual collection. Maintains its high series standard.

I Met Murder on the Way. *By Margaret Echard. Crime Club.* $3.95. Fourteen-year-old Louisville lass, years after fact, recalls series of sudden deaths in her childhood home and the trial that followed. Smoothly constructed narrative is nice attention-gripper.

Monkey on a Chain. *By Charity Blackstock. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. Englishwoman flies to Thailand and banks of the river Kwai to seek brother's wartime killer. Heavily sentimentalized.

Death by Inches. *By Dell Shannon. Morrow.* $3.95. January heat wave and general crime wave (including dismembered female) make life miserable for nice Lt. Luis Mendoza of Los Angeles Homicide and his capable crew. Prime multifelony package.

The Man from Moscow. *By Philip McCutchan. John Day.* $3.95. Commander Esmonde Shaw of British Naval Intelligence slips through Iron Curtain to nip Red plot that would destroy Britain by "accidental" nuclear blast. Fine chase job by author of *Warmaster*.

The Waiting Game. *By Patrick Wayland. Crime Club.* $3.50. Lloyd Nicolson of International Trade Research Bureau covers Vermont ski area and Boston, New York City, and Chicago non-ski areas in search for Russian ballerina; finds rough going most of the way, also the girl. Good movement.

Academic Question. *By Richard H. R. Smithies. Horizon.* $3.95. Dope is peddled, a doctoral thesis is stolen, a coed takes a knife in the throat, a New York institution of higher learning dithers from top to bottom; it's all highly unlikely, but it's good fun.

Curtain Call for a Corpse. *By Josephine Bell. Macmillan.* $3.95. Murder terminates Shakespearean performance in posh English boys' school; Inspector Michell and associates look into matters. This story, first published in London in 1939, here makes its American bow; author's subsequent rise to eminence in her field is not adumbrated here.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

In an era that glorifies youth we're delighted to send a birthday bouquet to George LeBrun, who surely must be the oldest author, paperback or otherwise, of the month. Mr. LeBrun's own story, *Call Me If It's Murder* (Bantam, 50¢), has been published in time to celebrate his 103rd birthday. Now that enough years have passed so that he could not be accused of indiscretion, he has told many of his adventures working in the New York Coroner's office, a place of business that copes with murders, suicides, and scandals. The still sprightly Mr. LeBrun divides his time between Bay Shore, Long Island, and West Palm Beach, Florida, where he keeps busy writing and recalling the past. "I take daily walks, enjoy automobile rides, and read the newspapers every day," he says. "I type my own letters. I notice, because of the heavy correspondence involved in writing this book, that typing is not as easy as it was once. I shouldn't complain. I have had that typewriter for many years and I suppose it is getting old."

The throngs who took pleasure in the utterances of Adlai Stevenson will be glad to hear that a sampling of *The Stevenson Wit and Wisdom* (Pyramid, 60¢) has been hurried to press. It was compiled by Paul Steiner, who has been gathering material over the past couple of years for a projected biography. Here are a few choice quotations. Once he was asked if as a boy he had ever thought of the possibility that he would grow up to be President: "Yes, but I just dismissed it as a normal risk every red-blooded American boy has to take." On his U.N. post: "The social life of a U.N. diplomat can be defined in three words—protocol, alcohol, Geritol." On his love for his country: "The real patriots are those who love America as she is, but who want the beloved to be more lovable. This is not treachery. This, as every parent, every teacher, every friend must know, is the truest and noblest affection." . . . Welcome to Hawthorn Books, which makes its entry into the paperback field this month with a list ranging from the philosophical André Missenard's *In Search of Man* ($1.95) to the seemingly complementary *How Not to Kill Your Husband* ($1.75), Kenneth C. Hutchin's advice on how to keep him once you've found him. . . . Nor can the month go by without some note about the one real thing in the platinum press agentry currently raging around Jean Harlow. Her novel, *Today Is Tonight* (Dell, 60¢), curiously enough seems genuine. Genuinely bad, to be sure, with its sentimental tale of true and properly marital love, and probably helped along by screenwriter Carey Wilson, to whom Miss Harlow dedicated the book ("without whose help, criticism, and encouragement . . ."); but the day-dreamy plot and the spun-sugar vision of the world seem touchingly hers alone.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

"If you're alive today, and stick your head out of doors now and then, you know there is a nervousness, a tempo, a near-hysterical new beat in the air, a punishing isolation and loneliness of a strange, frenzied new kind." That is how Bruce Jay Friedman introduces the thirteen writers whose short works are included in *Black Humor* (Bantam, 75¢). Those exponents who, Friedman says, "have sailed into darker waters somewhere out beyond satire" are here represented by John Barth and Edward Albee, Terry Southern and J. P. Donleavy, among others. Southern, in addition to co-authoring *Candy*, also wrote *Flash and Filigree* (Dell, 75¢), while Friedman is best known for the recent best-seller *A Mother's Kisses* (Pocket Books, 75¢), in which how not to be a Jewish mama is limned in grotesque detail.

Another mordant humorist is Donald Barthelme, whose short stories in *Come Back, Dr. Caligari* (Anchor, 95¢) lurk somewhere between the absurdity of Samuel Beckett and the futility of Franz Kafka. Then there's Roald Dahl's *Kiss, Kiss* (Dell, 60¢), often macabre to the point of shock, but neatly crafted with a subtle sense of plot.

One of the more interesting recent books published in the wake of the Herman Melville renascence is his last novel, *The Confidence-Man,* first issued in 1857 and out of print for nearly 100 years. Now there are two paperback editions (Signet, 60¢; Evergreen, 95¢). In his afterword to the Signet edition R. W. B. Lewis draws a convincing comparison between the confidence man, who is a kind of "trickster god," sly and diabolical, with the creations of the contemporary dark humorists. Also now available is Melville's only historical novel, *Israel Potter: His Fifty Years of Exile* (Dolphin, 95¢), about the adventures, mainly satirical, of a Massachusetts farmer who was captured at the Battle of Lexington and taken to England.

Also noted: Edna O'Brien's *The Country Girls* (Signet, 60¢), in which a pair of colleens leave their convent school for Dublin and a more worldly education; Guy de Maupassant's *A Woman's Life* (Penguin, 95¢), a bitter and brilliant novel about a French noblewoman's great expectations gradually ground to dust; *The Woman in the Dunes* (Berkley, 75¢), a weird novel by contemporary Japanese writer Kobo Abé about a schoolteacher and a young woman trapped together in a sandpit; Mary Stewart's Gothic scarer *This Rough Magic* (Crest, 75¢), more romantic than chilling; Joseph Stanley Pennell's *The History of Rome Hanks* (Pyramid, 75¢), that best-seller from the Forties, a refreshingly straightforward tale of Civil War courage; Horace McCoy's *Kiss Tomorrow Good-Bye* (Avon, 75¢), a tough-guy novel complete with an escape from a chain gang, by the author of *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*.

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Past Tense

Among the figures whose voices recreate their own times in *Putnam's Dark and Middle Ages Reader*, edited by Harry E. Wedeck (Capricorn, $1.95), are Thomas à Becket and Bernard of Clairvaux; Dante and Petrarch. Thomas Walsingham offers a terse commentary on the plague in the fourteenth century ("such devastating ruin that scarcely a handful of men survived"), and Richard II, laments from his Tower cell, "My God! a wonderful land is this, and a fickle." *Medieval England*, edited by W. O. Hassall (Harper Torchbooks, $1.75), shows that in spite of plague and punishment life was not always grim; there was Henry V's coronation feast in 1413, for instance, here reported in vivid detail from "venyson in brothe" to "creme frez." Instructions for a feudal lord's bath suggest: "Hang sheets around the roof, every one full of flowers and sweet green herbs, and have five or six sponges to sit or lean upon."

A wider view of the years from the disintegration of the Roman Empire to the advent of the Renaissance is provided in Denys Hay's *The Medieval Centuries* (Harper Torchbooks, $1.25), which considers such political factors as the relationship among barons, bishops, and kings. The able historian Paul Murray Kendall surveys *The Yorkist Age* (Anchor, $1.95) with his customary energy and enthusiasm. Kendall's *Richard III* (Anchor, $1.75) was described by Geoffrey Bruun in *SR* (Sept. 8, 1956) as "a definitive biography [that] has the color, variety, and symbolism of a medieval tapestry." *The Hundred Years War*, by French historian Edouard Perroy (Capricorn, $1.95), tells of the bloody battles—Crécy, Agincourt, Poitiers—and the heroic figures, from Joan of Arc to Henry V.

Certainly one of the most important historical paperbacks in recent months is *The Elizabethan Journals*, edited and abridged by Shakespearean scholar G. B. Harrison (Anchor, 2 vols., $1.95 each), "Being a Record of Those Things Most Talked of During the Years 1598-1603." And what things they were! Originally intended as a background to Shakespeare's plays, this gossipy account is crowded with the roistering life of Renaissance Britain.

Case History

Four serious crimes per minute are committed in the United States, according to Howard Jones's *Crime in a Changing Society* (Pelican, 95¢). The author, an English criminologist, inquires into the nature of criminal activity, compares juvenile delinquency here and in Britain, and pays particular attention to the increase of violence. More specific is *The Psychology of Crime*, by

David Abrahamsen (Science Editions, $1.95). One cause for antisocial behavior, Dr. Abrahamsen suggests, is an unconscious wish to be punished, and as an example he cites the Leopold-Loeb case, in which the careless dropping of Leopold's eyeglasses at the scene of the crime led to the arrest. Nathan F. Leopold himself, in *Life Plus 99 Years* (Popular, 75¢), recalls his reaction on learning that his glasses had been found: "What a fluke! . . . I hadn't had them on for months." Leopold's book is not, however, a retelling of the murder, but an account of his prison experience and an intelligent argument for penal reform.

An uncommonly dramatic mother-son relationship is reflected in *Letters from Jenny*, edited and interpreted by Gordon W. Allport (Harbinger, $1.95). The more than 300 letters were written by Jenny Masterson to her only son's former college roommate and his wife; cantankerous, complaining, and carping on her son's neglect, they also show some vigorous insights. A good general survey for students of psychology as well as for the layman is *Basic Teachings of the Great Psychologists*, by S. Stansfeld Sargent and Kenneth R. Stafford (Dolphin, $1.45), which discusses Binet, Adler, Jung, Freud, Rorschach, and other notable contributors to the science, and reviews such developments as testing devices and increased knowledge of the retarded and the gifted child.

Erich Fromm in *Escape from Freedom* (Avon, $1.25), using psychiatric methods to analyze modern civilization, concludes that when man is confronted with the multiplicity of choices offered by democracy, he frequently seeks order and security through the restraints of totalitarianism. Like most of Dr. Fromm's books, this one is intelligent, readable, and debatable.

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price 20¢ for packaging and handling.

Anchor, 277 Park Ave., NYC 10017
Avon, 959 Eighth Ave., NYC 10019
Bantam, 271 Madison Ave., NYC 10016
Berkley, 15 E. 26 St., NYC 10010
Capricorn, 200 Madison Ave., NYC 10016
Crest, 67 W. 44 St., NYC 10036
Dell, 750 Third Ave., NYC 10017
Dolphin, 277 Park Ave., NYC 10017
Evergreen, 80 University Place, NYC 10003
Harbinger, 757 Third Ave., NYC 10017
Harper, 49 E. 33 St., NYC 10016
Hawthorn, 70 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011
Pelican, 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21211
Penguin, 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21211
Pocket Books, 630 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10021
Popular Library, 355 Lexington Ave., NYC 10017
Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632
Pyramid, 444 Madison Ave., NYC 10022
Science Editions, 605 Third Ave., NYC 10016
Signet, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 10022
Torchbooks, 49 E. 33 St., NYC 10016

Auguste Rodin was a remarkably consistent artist. His consuming and undeviating interest was in the human figure, of which he wrote: "It is an ensemble where everything holds together, where everything has its reason for being and its character." *Auguste Rodin*, edited by Albert Elsen (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), presents a triple portrait of the French sculptor: appraising essays by Truman H. Bartlett, an American sculptor whose own academic technique did not prevent him from seeing as early as the 1880s the power of Rodin's work; a poetic appreciation by the poet Rilke, who served briefly as Rodin's secretary, and finally the sculptor's own monograph on art, an eloquent testimony and summation of a lifetime devoted to recreating nature in the image of man.

—Details from "The Door" in "Auguste Rodin."

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Babbittry

Continued from page 31

hover above. Alfred Kazin has recently issued a violent and bitter attack on the current study of American literature, culture, and civilization, every word of which the practitioners thoroughly deserve. One would think that the scholars in this field were devoted to the study of what happened in America to the life of the mind. But it is not so. They do not examine what they call "The American Tradition"; they contribute to it, inspired by a fly-blown and xenophobic evangelicalism. The absurdity of their writing emerges in their constant ascription of some cultural effect to a cause in the American experience, although if they were better educated and more cultivated, they would see that their uniquely "American" effects emerged also in Europe—earlier.

From all this Perry Miller kept himself considerably apart. Although he too could make the error of ascribing to America what belonged in origin to Europe, he was cultivated and richly experienced, and he saw the study of American literature and culture for what it principally is: an academic Babbittry, which has stretched out Zenith to cover the United States. What he has written in his final book irresistibly suggests that he understood academic American studies as one more instance of the American bombast, of the American taste for making a mountain out of a molehill, of the American Sublime.

What he implies is both profound and subtle. Faced with the task of conceiving themselves as members of a new nation, formed under new political principles and lodged on the edge of a magnificent and unplundered continent, those Americans who led the life of the mind were desperate to conceive of a self and national identity worthy of the opportunities before them, an identity that would automatically be a self-fulfilling prophecy. They chose as their model the eighteenth-century concept of the Sublime.

The Enlightenment ideal was that of perfect adaptation of individual to society and society to nature. Two human forces made it possible to escape the failure of the human past and achieve this ideal: Reason and Feeling. Both were necessary; indeed, both must be fused, finally, though each could and must be cultivated separately. Feeling, again, had two aspects, the Beautiful and the Sublime. One dissipated the tension caused by the confrontation of Reason and Nature; the other overcame it through a self-inflating awe, for only a Sublime Soul could appreciate the Sublimity of Nature. The Beautiful was proper to civilized and decadent Europe; only in America could the truly Sublime, of Nature and of Soul, be experienced and achieved. (This is not exactly what Miller says, but it is what he is talking about; and his comprehension of it is clear enough, though one can argue with some of his terms.)

No more hollow human ideal than the Enlightenment Sublime has ever been conceived; and the American Mind, except for Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne, and men of that caliber, as Miller makes clear, was completely taken in by it. Very possibly, Miller hints, the Sublime self-image was responsible for the failure of the American Mind to foresee and prevent the Civil War. And the hollowness of that Sublime survives in the self-conception of our professors of American literature, civilization, culture, and studies. Perry Miller's discovery that the Enlightenment Sublime was the source of the absurd and disturbing (and oddly touching) American *falsity* is a great intellectual achievement.

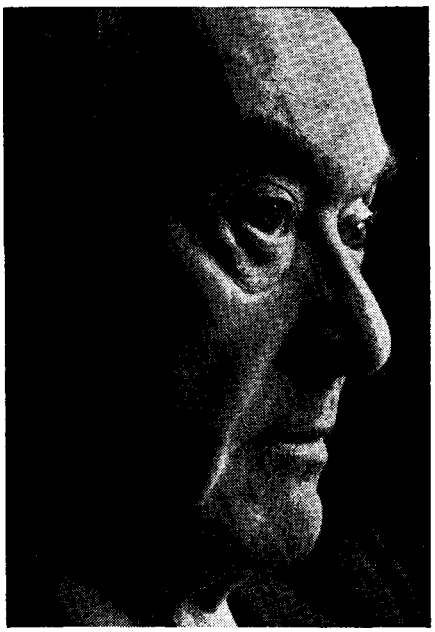
Talk Is for TV

Conversations with Walter Lippmann, *transcribed with the cooperation of The Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc. (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 242 pp. $4.95), makes available a printed record of the distinguished commentator's television conversations with other leading news analysts. Hans J. Morgenthau wrote "Politics in the Twentieth Century."*

By HANS J. MORGENTHAU

A BOOK deserves to be called a book only if it has at least a certain unity of subject matter and a degree of permanent relevance. *Conversations with Walter Lippmann* contains the transcripts, only slightly edited, of Mr. Lippmann's hour-long television interviews with Charles Collingwood, Walter Cronkite, David Schoenbrun, Eric Sevareid, and Howard K. Smith. Let me say in passing that they have not been edited sufficiently. What is the point of recording in print an interchange such as this:

> Lippmann: But that, I think, takes more courage than—
> Smith: Than raising taxes.
> Lippmann: Than raising taxes.



Walter Lippmann—"impossible to give profound answers to trivial questions."

What gave these conversations their peculiar charm as originally broadcast—the immediacy of watching and listening to an eminent man—is, of course, lost in the printed transcript. But beyond that, the prudent application of sound political principles to concrete cases that gives Mr. Lippmann's columns their unique and lasting distinction is hardly revealed here; while the quality of the mind that produced *Public Opinion* and *The Public Philosophy* is not revealed at all. Instead there is a running commentary on current events, or, rather, on events that were current when the broadcasts took place. Consequently, unlike Mr. Lippmann's columns of five, ten, or even twenty and thirty years ago, these conversations read like outdated newspaper comments. A few remarks are profound; many are still at least mildly interesting; but many more are as stale as the events they discuss.

This is not the fault of Mr. Lippmann, nor of the able men who interviewed him, nor is it even the fault of television itself. Rather it is due to the spirit in which the medium is administered. It is impossible to give profound answers to trivial questions. So long as television underestimates the intellectual receptivity of its audience, it will pitch programs such as this at the lowest possible intellectual level. Depth is taboo, and current events takes its place.

Television deserves credit for giving millions of viewers the opportunity to see and hear a great man. It deserves blame for having consistently missed the chance to reveal the quality of his greatness. Let us hope that it will do better next time.

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One Score in Harlem

***Manchild in the Promised Land,** by Claude Brown (Macmillan. 415 pp. $5.95), plunges the reader into the Harlem, reform schools, and Bohemia of the author's first twenty years. Warren Miller's novel "Cool World" drew on much of the same milieu in depicting delinquency.*

By WARREN MILLER

THAT separate world in which the American Negro has his being is now, after 100 years, coming under scrutiny—and by all disciplines, all sorts of people, and for an enormous variety of purposes. One would think that the sheer weight of concentration would have caused The Problem to release an answer, like fish rising to the surface when dynamite is thrown into the water; and yet insights and answers have been rare indeed.

Claude Brown insists on trying for answers, quite properly, for he is writing an autobiography, which is nothing if it is not an examination of self, of motive, of all the reasons why. One has no objections to the search; it is the quality of the answers, their aptness and adequacy, that must be questioned.

This account of Brown's first twenty years—years spent on the Harlem streets, in New York's courts and reform schools, and during a *wanderjahre* in Greenwich Village—reminds us that to be born black does not mean being born with the answers. One of the tragic consequences of a life so circumscribed as Brown's, blasted by poverty and undermined by a school system that simply doesn't give a damn, is an anxiety which manifests itself in contradictory attitudes and in utterances that cancel each other out. Mr. Brown gives a number of reasons, for example, why drugs made such deep and terrible inroads into Harlem: they offered, he says, a challenge to "manhood," a way to escape the streets. In fact, as revealed by Brown's own account, it was only a way of putting off that challenge for a little while.

When he comes to explain the drug phenomenon to his mother, he changes course again—and not once, but several times, as if he were constantly being distracted by a figure out of our line of vision. He begins by saying:

> "Look, Mama, don't you remember when I use to play hookey from school, steal things, and stay out all night? Do you know why I was doin' that?"

His mother does not, and he tells her. *Rebellion,* that's what it was; and we are made shockingly aware of the immense cultural lag between the rich and the poor: this word—so hackneyed and dated that not even a syndicated "psychology" columnist would venture to use it—Brown embraces with a discoverer's fervor:

> I'd say, "Look, Mama, when people start ruling people and they rule 'em wrong . . . they have to stop them. They've got to rebel; they've got to get out from under their rule. . . . That's all that's going on around here. Everybody is rebelling. You see all the young boys going around here using drugs. They're rebelling, that's all it is!"

That's all. And these people who are ruling them badly? Relax, he doesn't mean you:

> "They're rebelling against their parents. If there were any drugs around here when I was a little boy, I would've been using 'em too. I had to rebel. I had to get away from all that down-home nonsense you been talking."

Tragic consequences multiply. The NAACP and Urban League are mentioned once, CORE and SNCC not at all. Brown criticizes Harlem's famous Congressman: he stays in office, according to Brown, because all the women vote for him. Brown does not understand that Adam Clayton Powell holds power because he is useful, in his own way, to the white man; nor does Brown perceive that Powell's true and awful culpability is not the junkets and the secretaries but his utter failure to politicalize his people. For politically (whatever happened to that School of Hard Knocks we used to hear so much about?) Brown is a baby. The education provided by the state can almost be guaranteed to ensure this, as Veblen pointed out so long, so very long ago.

That education, along with the fact of the ghetto itself, also guarantees the language in which this book is written: a vocabulary of a couple of hundred words and phrases—not a language at all but an impoverished patois. That Brown shows the self-limiting course of writing in this argot makes for a literary disaster. No book can survive the deformity imposed by such a decision. Brown has also been badly served by his editors, who give no evidence that they understand that autobiography, too, is a literary form. A shapeless book, *Manchild in the Promised Land* is written in a manner that leads to such linguistic wastelands as this:

> One day I was walking on 143rd Street. I was remembering a lot of things about the block. I was with Tony, walking up the street. I met somebody I hadn't seen in seven or eight years. It was Hildy. Hildy was a lady who used to keep us when Mama worked. She used to keep me and Carole and Margie and Pimp. She lived on 145th Street then, and she drank a lot. She used to drink wine. A lot of people would call her a wino, I guess. . . .

Brown has nothing to say that has not already been said better by James Baldwin and John Killens; indeed, it has been put more accurately and succinctly by Dr. Kenneth Clark's teams of sociologists in their statistical tables. Yet *Manchild in the Promised Land,* which has been sold for at least a $100,000 advance to a reprint house, is being embraced by book clubs, as well as by people who ought to know better. All of which leaves one with the suspicion that we cheer this unnecessary book in order to permit ourselves, with a little better conscience, to turn our backs on The Problem.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Moss Hart: *Act One.* 2. Gene Fowler: *Good Night, Sweet Prince.* 3. Cecil B. De Mille: *Autobiography.* 4. Marguerite Courtney: *Laurette.* 5. Guthrie McClintic: *Me and Kit.* 6. Ethel Waters: *His Eye Is on the Sparrow.* 7. Ben Hecht: *Charlie.* 8. Noël Coward: *Future Indefinite.* 9. Elsa Lanchester: *Charles Laughton and I.* 10. Bosley Crowther: *Hollywood Rajah.*

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Preposterous!

Nobody ever applauded anyone for 35 minutes!

KLAUS HENNCH

Not until last year — when Sir John Barbirolli and the Berlin Philharmonic performed Mahler's Ninth. On and on went the incredible clamor as he and the orchestra bowed and bowed and bowed again. It was the crowning confirmation that Sir John, now steaming through his sixties, is the primary interpreter of Mahler, as well as Vaughn Williams and Elgar. Angel salutes Sir John with this six-album tribute. You might try Mahler's Ninth. It was recorded in Berlin.

SB3652

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
Fantasia on a theme by Tallis
Fantasia on Greensleeves
ELGAR
Introduction and Allegro for String Quartet and String Orchestra Serenade in E Minor
The Strings of the Sinfonia of London
Allegri String Quartet
SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI

S36101

S36120

S35952

Tchaikovsky serenade in C for string orchestra
Arensky variations on a theme by Tchaikovsky
Barbirolli The London Symphony Orchestra

S36269 (Just released.)

S36142

Angel

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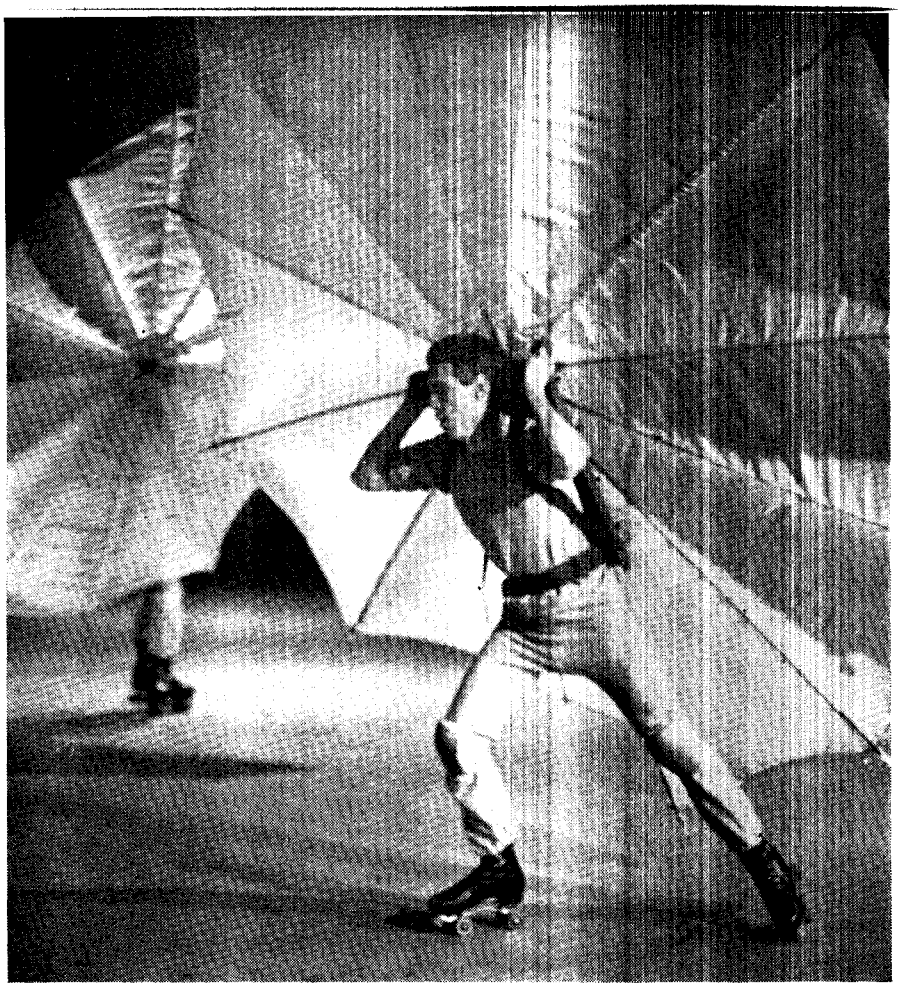

—Elizabeth Novick

Alex Hay in Rauschenberg's *Pelican*—"pure visual comedy."

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DAEDALUS AT THE ROLLERDROME

By ERICA ABEEL

TURTLES with flashlights taped to their shells, a tap dancer, a telephone book, a pail and mop, a tin can, a bucket of dry ice, a kettle of hot water, three brides, three alarm clocks, a Kennedy flag, a pair of stilts, a watermelon, some eggs. The inventory of a lunatic going off to camp? No, the ingredients of a dance by Robert Rauschenberg.

A *dance*? Well, not exactly.

Happenings or storyless skits or performed metaphors stopped happening back in the winter of 1961. Dance, meanwhile, is beginning to look like concerted madness. Alwin Nikolais's electronic animal farm was assuming a classic patina when suddenly there are these naked people walking the plank, and others, dressed, heaving mattresses and running and skipping and barking and hopping. Artists, *entre temps*, are harnessing sound and movement. Rauschenberg's sculptures move (I wasn't able to see the waterfall piece in his recent show because someone threw something nasty into it and they were cleaning it out with soapsuds the day I went) and play radio-collages; Tinguely's are wired for action. Art is looking as if it wants to be theater. And dancers of the Judson Church persuasion are saying "Glory be, even Merce Cunningham is stymied by Tradition and the rest of dance is really animated psychology and literature—*expressive*! Nix! Let's re-invent dance!"

And the whole thing starts coming together. The painters start making dance-collages and the dancers moving art and they're all mixed up together (except that the dancers look good and the artists look a little *klutzy*). Happenings hover near sawing inspirational fiddles, borrow from them the notion of unreadable metaphors and strict interchangeableness of sequence. But the new baby needs a name. Alan Solomon (formerly director of the Jewish Museum) and dancer Steve Paxton coin Theater Piece as a working appellation and co-produce the First New York Theater Rally in a deserted TV studio on Broadway and Eighty-first Street.

Theater is what the Theater Pieces have in common, whether they be subdivided provisionally into Dance Concerts or Happenings (a term emasculated by mass vulgarization; feed the public easy formulas like Pop, Op, and Magog and you've got cocktail party yammer and fashion spreads galore and that's where it ends). Not theater as it is traditionally understood: beginning, middle, end; plot; climax; Meaning-Message. Nor the theater typified by Ionesco's *The New Tenant*, whose entire action consists of moving men crowding so much furniture into the new apartment that the tenant, at the end, is dispossessed by his possessions. But theater understood simply as a work projected in time. For all their oddity, the antics of *The New Tenant* still comprise a single, coherent action, while the Theater Piece tends to eliminate logical sequence or literary shape, building up images that dodge verbalization.

The departure from dance is equally radical. "Modern dance" has come to denote a theater of movement-vocabu-

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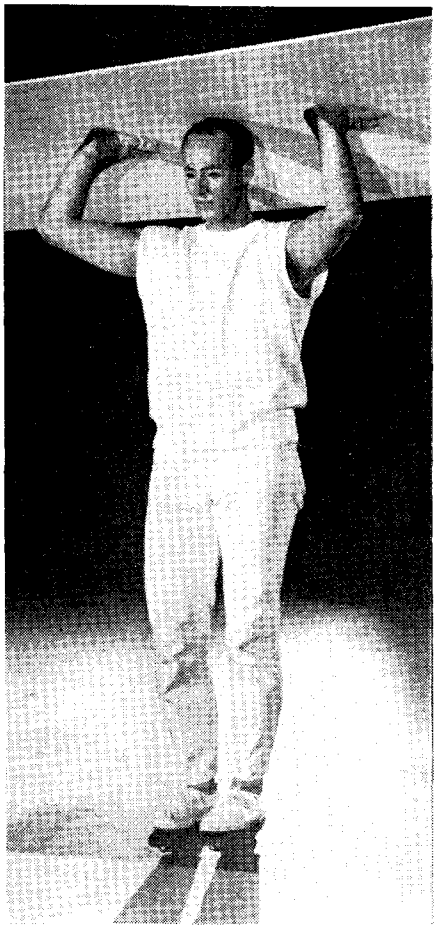
lary used as a kinetic equivalent of storytelling. With some notable exceptions, few significant dancers working today have broken out of Martha's magic circle of great mythic bitches, heroes, and saints. Movements "mean something": a turn is the release of pent-up joy; staccato, angular gestures express anguish; stillness is contemplation or the marshaling of inner resources; and so on. Movement in the new idiom is meant to be taken for itself—it eschews interpretation or insists on one beyond the *Angst* pleasure syndrome of Graham's theater. But new dance is not exclusive and tenet-shouting: it is a little like a friendly old dog judging everything worth a sniff. Funnily enough, ballet is closer to the spirit of the Theater Piece than modern dance because ballet deals with human geometrics which are non-expressionistic although they may be used, arbitrarily, to tell stories about wraiths and moors.

The Theater Piece has something for almost everyone. Carolyn Brown's *Balloon*, a pleasant, lyrical *vieux-jeu* boy-girl piece includes only a *soupçon* of avant-garde: a mammoth meteorological balloon against which is projected random newsreel footage. Alex Hay's *Leadville* goes all out for Weirdsville. This fella got up in a silver jump suit is coming down this pole, coming down from God-knows-where to say hello to us earthlings. A tape recorder harnessed to his back is playing electronic cricket music. When he gets down to the floor he starts coming closer, friendly—he's smiling, sort of—and trailing lots of wires behind him. "I wish,"—very slowly—"I wish"—Big Wait—"I was a mountain." Then his box starts playing a big-band number and he's really friendly now, wooing us with music, stretching his arms toward us in prehensile gestures like an idiot barker but it's getting horrible because his box isn't rewinding its tapes; they're spewing out all over the place, like his guts. Now he's lying down. The tape is all out on the floor. No. wait. There's more. A noise like Tommy guns.

"Well," sighs my neighbor, "*Swan Lake* it ain't." Swan, swans . . . "The Dying Swan," that's it! Singing sweetly (the big band) before it dies. The swan song of man in the machine age! "An image for the muscle-bound spirit," offers someone in the lobby. The box is everything and Hays its vestigial foot." "Wrong, both of you," Hays might retort from the catwalk. "Like don't translate, man, just dig." Read it any way you like, or not at all. The most revolutionary aspect of the Theater Piece is its creation of undecipherable, nonverbalizable metaphors—that may or may not work. Overly private caterwauling or too amorphous a structure will create minimal impact and maximal boredom.



—*Elizabeth Novick.*

Robert Morris in *Site*—"enigmatic . . . glacial."

Yvonne Rainer's capacious, free-ranging *Room Service* invites more than a yawn or two. One lady (probably drunk) declaimed adenoidally against Rainer-brand service and was escorted from the theater by the producer.

I was afflicted, after the first half-hour or so of *Room Service*, with a creeping *ennui* originating somewhere in the neighborhood of the lumbar vertebrae. The Theater Piece, however, will induce you to re-experience the state of boredom, plumb its riches (they're there), and cope. Rediscover the child's resourcefulness, twist and turn in your chair, find something *else*. The drunk lady found vocal release; I ate candies and discovered suddenly, that the stage was bigger than I'd suspected, that we, being bored or not, the Channel 13 man wielding his apparatus, Susan Sontag on the floor in shades, were part of the action and possibly as valuable to the work as the chair-pummeling on stage.

Theater Pieces like furniture. The Yvonne Rainer signature is the mattress, punched, dragged, and heaved (dust allergics beware). Graham uses objects, too, but they function as scenic elements of the psychodrama: Noguchi's Freudian props evoke wombs and tombs, and ramps tunnel recesses into the nether regions of the mind. Rainer furniture is nonsymbolic. But humble objects, reassimilated into the artist's "found" and fabricated (both elements coexist) environment, assume new proportions. *Room Service* has teams of moving men calmly encumbering the stage, in a remotely utilitarian spirit, with oil drums, tires, scaffolding, tables, chairs, and the ubiquitous mattress. At the same time teams of dancers in jerkins bedevil the moving men by playing follow-the-leader in and out of the jungle of furniture, simultaneously ridiculing the utilitarian handling of objects and participating along with the movers in some broader, undecipherable "game." The two teams' objectives (play plus setting up the stage with furniture) become interlocked so that the teams flip identities in mid-air: who is gaming, the moving team or the dance team? And what are tables, anyway? To up-end or to eat off? And you don't see your kitchen table any more, but this funny thing-with-four-legs! Rolling tires carom off a spectator's knees. "Don't hit any important people," cautions a moving man. There's audial furniture, too, the sound-collage of the urban scene: motors gunning, exhausts, WABC Good Guys, Musak, planes, assorted blips. The score of Robert Morris's *Site* consists of the purest distillation of city noises, the Great Hum.

Site is glacial and enigmatic, one of the "cool" pieces in the Rally, according to producer Solomon; *Dreams*, a parade of painter Jim Dine's hang-ups, is "hot" and soul-scorching. What is *Site* about? Bad question. These works aren't necessarily "about" anything. Morris masked with a replica of his own face (created by Jasper Johns), removes, rearranges, and balances white screens . . . and discloses the naked, reclining form of "Nana," *née* Carolee Schneeman. He then resumes his screen play. *Site* is Morris's private site and the piece looks like *cinéma vérité*, like it's not even being performed and you half expect him to look up and say, "What the Hell are *you* doing here?" but it produces its own soft-pedal resonance, from very far away in time-space like a dream you had last year. Its tension stems from the juxtaposition of two events (naked lady plus masked Morris with screens) that are trying to shape up before your eyes, trying to jell into a unified statement—and don't. Its use of nudity suggests the Emperor's New Clothes: no one here is claiming clothes for the lady but the mantle of art is a little hard to make out.

As performers, Morris, Hay, and Rauschenberg, all three artists, open up the whole question of the nondancer dancing. It takes about seven years of backbreaking labors to transform the human body into the dancer's instrument. But the instrument view of the dancer's body is apparently obsolete. The dancer's body in new dance is not the instrument, the violin, the song box producing celestial sounds. The dancer's

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body *is it*, the melody, the drama, the whole story; the dancer's body is non-transcending, is not *necessarily* expressive of something beyond geeky – if they're geeky–movements. And if the performer just happens to have taken two classes a day, one ballet and one modern, for ten years, well, so much the better!

But where has beauty fled? When modern dance in the Twenties took to agonizing on the floor in tubular woolies, people shouted "ug-ily!" But yesterday's heresies have become today's canon for beauty. The departure from balletic prettiness is no longer startling (indeed, ballet has successfully incorporated some of the dissonances of modern dance) and the departure of the Theater Piece from any concern whatever with esthetic propriety is the new heresy. The Theater Piece reinstates the human being–whether or not he looks good doesn't much matter to Paxton, who says, simply, "I'm not interested in working with people I don't like." Ballanchine, on the other hand, obliterates the human being by dismantling his dancers' bodies, scissoring a leg here, an arm there to create multi-limbed, triple-torsoed, trans-human designs. The body is reduced to an element of order in the snowflake but the design – the design is there. The Theater Piece discards these vestiges of decadent estheticism. Is your wife's uncle free tonight? Great! He's on. A sculptor may have a wonderful way with a blowtorch but on stage his elbows are apt to sag (never knew elbows could), his toes hang, his midriff flap. A dancer walks; the hip rotates out; the body hangs plumb to the ground from the base of the neck like a rabbit lifted by its ears; an instep is offered momentarily to the air. A dancer walks across a stage and we are moved. Do we also applaud these unkempt bears lumbering across our path? Well, and why not, says the new dance. Like pop art it forces a scrutiny of the background furniture of existence, the soup cans, the neon, and the guy next door in his undershirt.

"A big con," mutters one lone, brave Philistine. But others will agree that the jokers and the parasites swarming over the New York cultural pie are redeemed by a few authentic artists (just one would suffice), artists who are not, for the most part, *epater-le-bourgeois* motivated and, because already eminently successful, not solely in search of publicity. Rauschenberg elects the right to be a buffoon, indeed asserts the necessity of being able to make a fool of himself, a preoccupation partially explicable by the fact that as a painter, and distinct from his works, he was relatively invulnerable; careening around the stage in roller skates in *Pelican* he himself is a lot more liable to look like a damned fool. The bravura of Rauschenberg's stand is mitigated, though, by the yea-saying, "in" audiences at avant-garde events, doting beatifically on any idiocy like grandma at a high-school variety show. It is virtually impossible for Rauschenberg to make a fool of himself because his audience, at least in New York, won't let him. Buffoonery is a mode available only to lesser legends.

Traditionally, a dance is a tight, complementary association between dancer, sets, lighting and music. In *Pelican*, Rauschenberg breaks down the distinction between the scenic element and the dancer, merging the two in a sort of locomotive human combine. The dancer functions as the vital center, generating a complex wing-and-wheels contraption.

KNEELING on little carts, Rauschenberg and Hay wheel themselves on stage, floating giant umbrella forms from their shoulders. They are wearing sweat suits and roller skates. The pterodactyl wings stretching away above the men manually monitoring their chariots, the ball-bearings hanging perpendicularly to the composite torso-head-wing structures like the retracted feet of the flying reptile, the whole Mesozoic apparition is pure visual comedy. Scarifying, too. Rauschenberg's hybrid monsters generate in the spectator an esthetic excitement at war with itself. Do you laugh? Scream? Tear your hair? Chew gum? As in his paintings (the wings flanking the coke bottle in "Coca Cola Plan"), Rauschenberg is fond of uniting unlikely cohabitants. What could be more spectacularly incongruous than Hay and Rauschenberg skating Brown in and out of the poses of the *pas de trois*? Rauschenberg bearing Brown along balanced, on pointe, on his foot, her head turned romantically into his shoulder, is a miscarried moment from *Swan Lake*–Prince Siegfried, all right, but on wheels, and Odette in a sweat suit.

Unlike some of the painters making theater, Rauschenberg is not static. He is fascinated by varieties of motion: the balletics of sports, flight, and the organs of flight, turtle locomotion, undulating smoke. *Pelican* is a series of games devised to explore the movement quality afforded by a man propelling himself along the ground by means of eight little wheels attached to his feet. Skating has come off the streets and rinks and into the theater to claim consideration as a mode of movement worthy of serious attention. And it is wonderful to see, the exaggerated returns from what is merely a step, the torso pitched forward from the ankle, the easy flex of the knee, the dully rumbling wheels bearing their vertical freight. Rauschenberg, it must be noted, is an excellent skater. He claims he assigned himself the part because the dancers he auditioned couldn't skate. Swooosh! Feel the nice breeze? R.R. cross-stepping into the turn–fancy stuff!–blessing the world with a little bouquet of coolness.

Rauschenberg is already the master of the new medium. After a long stint as scenic designer and lighting technician for Merce Cunningham's company, he is a theatrical pro. He edits. *Pelican* has the economy of a spring unwinding, a duration almost biologically appropriate. Rauschenberg's works are earthier, more accessible than Morris's trysts with the void, yet they never resolve. Seconds before you're feeling reverential about some *recherché* effect–and Rauschenberg's timing is impeccable–he'll cap a grotesquerie with a new twist opening onto still another dimension of strange hilarity. A painter, he has the dancer's instinct for the drama of movement, understands the poetry of unwonted juxtapositions, anneals his works with a humor profoundly serious. Rauschenberg is the type of the new, pan-artist, a little like Cocteau, based though not in poetry but in the plastic arts. The Theater Piece is the elaboration by the new artist of a new pan-arts form spacious enough to accommodate his farthest-flung visions.

Rauschenberg is the Theater Piece's best bet for a long and happy life. How long, it's too soon to tell. But happy he makes us, right now–tonight.

It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Rauschenberg and Hay on roller skates zooming around the Eighty-first Street TV studio with monster parachutes strapped to their shoulders! It's the Pop vision of of Kitty Hawk! Batman on wheels! Daedalus at the Rollerdrome! It's *Pelican*! Whoopee!

–*Elizabeth Novick.*

Hay in *Leadville*—"swan song of man in the machine age."

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How I Became a Dancer

As the second winner of the $30,000 Aspen Award, a worldwide panel of advisors selected Martha Graham, whose name and work have become synonymous with modern dance during the last four decades. In the following speech of acceptance for the award at a convocation in Aspen on July 30, Miss Graham discusses the background and motivation of her career.

By MARTHA GRAHAM

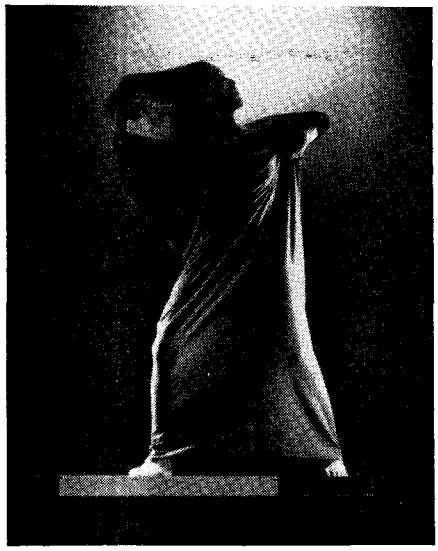
WHAT CAN I say? You know, I speak without notes because I cannot read and look up and down, and besides I wear glasses, and I am very vain. So, the main thing is, of course, that I can always look into your faces. That's what I can do today, and when I do speak in a theater I always ask that the lights be up enough so that I can see the eyes and the faces of those to whom I'm speaking. After all, they have made my life—they have shared in my life and anything that I have done is a construction really, helped by many, many, many thousands of people.

When I was approached by Dr. [Alvin C.] Eurich in New York, he asked if he could come to see me. He came to my apartment and told me of this honor. I was completely stunned. I could say nothing. There was one periodical, which is very famous but must remain nameless, that asked: "Well, what did you say when you got it?" And I said, "I don't believe I said anything." And the man said, "Didn't you say 'whoopee' or anything like that?" I said, "No. To begin with, it's a word I never use. And in the face of a sacred honor, such as this is, it would mean nothing." It is joy, yes, that I experience but it is also something far more than that. It's a renewal of a commitment.

A dancer's life is a strange one. It is not one of complete refusal to live life by any means. Just because I don't have children is no reason why the members of the company can't have children. And they do. They have quite a few, now—twelve or something like that.

People have asked me why I chose to be a dancer. I did not choose to be a dancer. I was chosen to be a dancer, and with that you live all your life. When any young student asks me, "Do you think I should be a dancer?" I always say, 'If you can ask me that question, no! Only if there is just one way to make life vivid for yourself and for others should you embark upon such a career."

YOU see, to begin with, it takes about ten years to produce a dancer. That's not intermittent training; that's daily training. You go step by step by step. In ten years you'll be dancing—probably even before that time—but by ten years, if you are going to be a dancer at all, you will have mastered the instrument. You will know the wonders of the human body, because there is nothing more wonderful. The next time you look into the mirror, just look at the way the ears rest next to your head; look at the way the hairline grows; think of the little bones in your wrists; think of the magic of that foot, comparatively small, upon which your whole weight rests. It's a miracle. And the dance in all those areas is a celebration of that miracle. Sometimes, when it's very hot, as it was when I left New York, you see some of these poor creatures standing at the exercise bar, sweating—the hairs all down. They had come in looking lovely, and they leave looking rather purified—but in between it's very low, very low.



—From "Seraphic."

Martha Graham—in an early phase of her career.

And then, of course, outside your classroom work, there are two areas which you have to embark upon. One is the cultivation of the craft in the school where you are working. The other is that something that is—and has to remain—entirely with you. This is the cultivation of the being from which whatever there is to say comes. It just doesn't come out of nowhere; it comes out of great curiosity. It comes out of a desire to be an image-maker, because that's what imagination means. It means only the ability to make images. But it means the ability to make those images, not as dehumanized things but as great figures. Take Clytemnestra—that angry, wild, wicked woman. In the ballet that I do, I take her from the end of the third play where she asks, after she is in Hades, "Why do I go dishonored among the dead? Others have killed, but I go dishonored among the dead." And not until she recognizes the fact that she killed—not out of why she said she killed, which was vengeance for the sacrifice of Iphigenia, her daughter, but out of lust for Aegisthus, could she become free to take the branches from Hades and to move.

It cost me a great deal of effort and a great deal of time, but every minute has been treasured. The main thing, of course, always is the fact that there is only one of you in the world—just one! You came from a certain background, you were born at a certain time—a certain instant in the history of the world. And as such, you are unique.

They say every snowflake is different. I can well believe it. But you are unique, and if that uniqueness is not fulfilled, then something has been lost. Ambition is not enough; necessity is everything.

I have nothing more to say except one thing. I have always loved St.-John Perse for giving me this line, which is in one of his poems: "We have so little time to be born to this instant."

Thank you.

—Berko, Aspen, Colo.

McNeil Lowry of the Ford Foundation addressing the convocation at Aspen. Miss Graham is seated between Robert O. Anderson, donor of the award (left) and Alvin C. Eurich, president of the Aspen Institute.

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Oz Smith, Remarkable Singer

ACCORDING to the liner notes of his LP, *The Wizardry of Oz Smith* (Capitol T/ST 2288), Osborne Smith is a singer, actor, composer, and ex-student at the Sorbonne. His program includes "Keys to the Highway," "Midnight Special," and "Careless Love."

Another coffee-house folknik dipping, with all the virility of an antiquarian, into the Leadbelly repertory? Not at all. A vocalist peddling the posturing rusticity of the "soul" jazzman? Again, emphatically not. Oz Smith is, for one thing, one of the most straightforwardly honest singers I have ever heard. He is also powerful and in exceptionally mature and disciplined command of his vocal and histrionic equipment.

Oz Smith approaches this traditional repertory of blues, work songs, and Gospel music with respect, and, more important, he finds in it a personal musical inspiration. His interpretations echo many decades of Afro-American musical tradition with sympathy and with love, yet they are decidedly those of a young contemporary.

I said that Smith is honest. But honesty is not enough for art, and I am sure that Oz Smith is an artist. His version of "Careless Love," for example, is the most beautiful reading of that touching melody, with its highly complex ethnic origins, that I have ever heard. And to have followed it, as was done on this LP, with the rousing Gospel "Twelve Gates to the City" is a superb piece of programing.

I have entertained a possibility that actually Osborne Smith is a fine actor, here doing an expert impression of a singer. But, no, his musical sensibilities are entirely authentic, as authentic as they are exceptional. I find only about one and a half of the ten selections on this LP not up to the level of the rest of it, and I will therefore not say which one and a half.

Oz Smith is abetted by accompaniments of arranger Robert Smith that are stirringly appropriate. They, too, take traditional material and develop it in contemporary terms with generally keen understanding of the beauties and the possibilities implicit in its honorable past. From among the individual players involved, I will single out particularly the trumpet of Thad Jones, who sometimes gets an anguish unheard in blues accompaniments since King Oliver; the ringing guitar of Wally Richardson; and the supple guitar and banjo of Barry Kornfeld.

Pianist Bill Evans's *Trio '65* (Verve V/V6 8613) is disappointing, to judge by the high standards of Evans's best records, but the reasons why are a bit elusive. Certainly the former virtues are there, plus some new ones. There is Evans's highly developed piano touch. He gracefully pivots brief, note-at-a-time phrases off double-handed block chords and then folds the phrases back into other block chords. He makes his chords sound not like alliances of notes, but like fresh entities. And Evans again shows his delightful rhythmic vocabulary, which is by now individual, however obviously he was once indebted to Lennie Tristano and his star pupil, Lee Konitz.

There is also a recently developed sureness and clarity in the playing of Evans's bassist, Chuck Israels, both in the ensembles and in solo. And there is Larry Bunker's drumming, which often amounts to a separate and almost contrapuntal percussive part, which is brisk and precise, which is keenly responsive to Evans's rhythmic style, and which, at the same time, never interferes. There is a good reading of "Who Can I Turn To?" It is, one realizes, what one would expect Evans to do with that piece, but there is an unexpected transformation of "Come Rain or Come Shine." Yet this is a recital of promises, of rather brief (sometimes almost hurried) and quite introspective performances by a pianist who is by now more used to sustaining longer ones with what he has to say and to saying it with more outgoing emotion.

Oz Smith—"a personal musical inspiration . . ."

Pianist Danny Zeitlin might be called a "pupil" of Evans. But he might also be called a "pupil" of Bud Powell with almost equal validity. His biography should not detain us for long, but we can mention that he currently leads a double life, as an intern at San Francisco General Hospital, working toward the practice of psychiatry, and as a regularly performing jazz pianist. *Carnival* (Columbia CL 2340/CS 9140) is the best and most promisingly personal of his recorded recitals so far. The successful pieces are at medium tempo, as on "The Boy Next Door" and on a brief, resplendent section of "After the War." Zeitlin has virtually mastered this mood, in swing, in musical exploration, and in general pacing. Slow things, like "We'll Be Together Again," open beautifully but unfortunately tend to become static. And in fast moods, the pianist is occasionally reliant on sheer finger dexterity, on an ability to keep up the pace rather than to come up with really fresh ideas. Zeitlin's trio, a very good one, represents a return to recording after several years by bassist Charles Haden. Haden's playing is—well, simply beautiful.

To put down Stan Kenton is to join an activity that most jazz reviewers have entered into for many years and with perhaps a certain relish. But Stan Kenton not only isn't going to go away (not that that's what anybody wanted him to do, exactly), Stan Kenton's old records are apparently not going either to die or fade away. Capitol now has one called *Stan Kenton's Greatest Hits* (DT 2327), reissues of pieces recorded between 1943 and 1951. Of course it's possible that Kenton would rather not be judged by his "greatest hits," which include unassumingly commercial ditties like "Tampico"; like "September Song," with the band members singing, pitched as low as possible; or like "Peanut Vendor," which rather obviously echoes Louis Armstrong's 1930 version.

But "Artistry in Rhythm" and "Eager Beaver" and "Painted Rhythm" are surely among Kenton's good intentions, and their paths are paved with borrowed Ravel, borrowed Lunceford, borrowed bebop, borrowed bathos, borrowed bombast, even borrowed banality —not to mention a rhythm section in the 1943 orchestra that is stiffer than yesterday's hairspray. The best things are Pete Rugolo's (for once) unassuming melody, "Interlude," and his unpretentious arrangement, "Unison Riff." Perhaps Rugolo decided only to do the best he could. Kenton too often seems to have decided to do Something Artistic.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Recordings in Review

—Odeon Records.

Manos Hadjidakis—"a kind of prayer offering."

Greek Bearing Gifts

HADJIDAKIS: *"Lilacs Out of the Dead Land." Manos Hadjidakis and an instrumental ensemble.* Odeon XGX 258, $4.98 (mono only).

By the evidence of the American market, Manos Hadjidakis has been a one-tune man, a status some would grudge him by contending that *Never on Sunday* was only marginally a tune. But it conveyed something of a flavor unknown to anything else, and by that token was unique. While the world of popular music has gone on to other things, Hadjidakis has gone on cultivating his muse, which, as this record shows, tends to the bouzoki and the baglama, rather than the lyre and the cymbal.

The manner of man that Hadjidakis is may be gleaned from his own album commentary. He tells us that *Lilacs Out of the Dead Land* is the second line of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land,* which he discovered in a Greek translation twenty-five years ago. He was then eighteen, and Greece was a focal point of the war, but the magic of the Mediterranean, the potent power of the sun, and the heritage of the soil were not to be denied. He steeped himself in the traditional music of Greece and its native instruments, with their bell-like clarity and hypnotic tremolandos, launching a love affair that has gone on since.

There is a suggestion that Hadjidakis is no fonder of the popularity of *Never on Sunday* than others who were exposed to it (without profit). In any case, he describes *Lilacs Out of the Dead Land* as "a kind of prayer-offering" in which he has tried to convey "the youthful sensitivity of a modern Greek steeped in tradition." I would describe it as a warmly evocative collection of tunes and rhythms, some sad, some gay, some impulsive but mostly languorous, which make beautiful use of varied instrumental assets. The native strumming and tremolando predominates, but it is sufficiently varied by fluting, fifing, and bass figurations to sustain interest. Not in the least intellectual, it exercises a spell all its own. According to the American agents for Odeon (EMI), *Lilacs Out of the Dead Land* should be found in at least one record shop in the country's larger cities.

Tucker, Tenor

GIORDANI, G.: *"Caro mio ben."* SCARLATTI, A.: *"Già il sole dal Gange."* ROSSINI: *"Pietà, Signore."* SARTI: *"Lungi dal caro bene."* GLUCK: *"O del mio dolce ardor."* DURANTE: *"Danza, danza, fanciulla"* and *"Vergin, tutto amor."* CALDARA: *"Sebben, crudele."* TORELLI: *"Tu lo sai."* LEGRENZI: *"Che fiero costume."* PERGOLESI: *"Nina."* VERACINI: *"Meco verrai." Richard Tucker, tenor, with instrumental ensemble.* Columbia ML 6067, $4.98; stereo MS 6667, $5.98.

There is hardly one of these examples of what is loosely called *bel canto* that does not recall some celebrated singer of the past, from Schipa and Tauber, Caruso and McCormack among tenors, to DeLuca and Schlusnus among baritones, and Pinza among basses. Anyone who records them in the future will have to reckon with the inclusion of Tucker in that sequence, for he earns the honorary accolade not only for voice—for which he has long been acclaimed—but also for artistic suitability.

Considering how long and intensively he has been singing opera, it is one of the phenomena of the contemporary musical scene that Tucker retains the vocal richness, discipline, and pliability to match the requirements of such testing matter as *Caro mio ben, O del mio dolce ardor,* and *Tu lo sai.* Even more basic than vocal health or the maintenance of it is the undiminished stream of breath that enables him to support the longest phrases and the supplest kind of *legato* at an age when many other singers of his background and service look for greener vocal pastures.

As is almost inevitably the case when a dozen demanding selections are confronted, the interpretive results are variable. My personal preference is for the leisurely, long-breathed line of *Pietà, Signore,* in which Tucker has everything required to realize it perfectly. He tends to ripen a little the already full-blown line of *Tu lo sai* and *Nina,* though this kind of judgment is very much a matter of personal preference. The faster selections (such as the much-sung *Che fiero costume*) ask more lightness than Tucker commands, but they sustain a highly creditable level in the kind of cross-section of a repertory he has undertaken.

Some may take issue with the arrangements by Thomas Z. Shepard for an instrumental ensemble of a dozen or so (string quartet plus harp, two flutes, oboe, English horn, etc.). They are, on the whole, tasteful (I find the intrusion of the piano here and there the single anachronistic touch) and preserve an evenness of background color that would be absent otherwise.

Horowitz "Before"

BACH-BUSONI: *"Rejoice, Beloved Christians."* SCARLATTI: *Sonatas in B minor (L.33) and G (L.487).* BEETHOVEN: *Variations in C minor.* CHOPIN: *Etudes in C sharp minor (Op. 10, No. 4), G flat major (Op. 10, No. 5) and F major (Op. 7, No. 3), Mazurkas in F minor (Op. 7, No. 3), E minor (Op. 41, No. 2) and C sharp minor (Op. 50, No. 3), and Scherzo in E (Op. 54).* DEBUSSY: *"Pour les Arpèges composés."* POULENC: *"Pastourelle" and "Toccata." Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* Angel COLH 300, $5.98 (mono only).

Those whose familiarity with, or knowledge of, the pianistic art of Vladimir Horowitz is limited to the relatively recent period of absence and comeback know of course, only a fraction of the story. For those who wish to begin at or near the beginning, nothing could be more illuminating than this cross-section of his individuality as it existed in the early Thirties—which is to say, even before his first "sabbatical."

Here, in all its flashing glory, is the kind of uninhibited pianism that made him a legend before he was forty. And here, too, are the conditions of taste and the preferences of judgment that put him beyond the artistic pale for those who were raised on a different kind of Beethoven than he delivered in the Thirty-two Variations, a more purposeful Bach than rippled from under his fingers in a fantastically deft and no less incredibly inappropriate demonstration of finger skill in the Busoni version of *Rejoice, Beloved Christians,* a more restrained and sympathetic Scarlatti than he offered in his *affetuoso* versions of the B-minor and G-major sonatas.

But here also is a vintage year C-

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sharp minor Etude of Chopin (1935 was one of the best for Horowitz Chopin), which perhaps synthesizes more of what was greatest about this grand performer than any other short piece on record. It is not only dazzling in its purely physical domination of a given problem, but also close to unique in its statement of the furious mood in which the piece was written. Which is simply to say that any lingering notion that the "old" Horowitz was no more than a virtuoso and it is only the "new" Horowitz who delves below the surface of the music he plays is refuted wholly by this prime evidence. The wonder is, rather, that a man who could get by so long with the natural resources and affinities that served him so well in Chopin, in Liszt, in Tchaikovsky should have persevered to achieve the results recently heard from him in Schumann as well as Scarlatti. The Debussy *"Arpèges"* are, again, with the Poulenc *"Pastourelle,"* instances of more virtuosity than even a virtuoso piece can accommodate, but the *Toccata* (which is dedicated to him) is a living instance of the competence that made his contemporaries despair. As might be expected from masters dating from 1932 to 1936, the quality of sound—even by standards of the Thirties—is variable. But the transfers have been supervised with such care that the sound today is vastly better than it was when originally issued, and much better than might have been anticipated. No pain, in any case.

—DGG—Lauterwasser.

A perspective of the *Flute* recording session in the Berlin-Dahlem Jesus - Christus - Kirche. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (left, as Papageno) and Evelyn Lear (right, as Pamina) with choristers in the distance.

"Flute" by Böhm

ON A SCALE of values that would assign a 9.5 for the pre-war Beecham version of *Die Zauberflöte*, this reunion of Böhm, Fischer-Dieskau, and Mozart is worth at least an 8.6. The difference of .9 thus implied relates not so much to an inferior array of vocal resources as it does to the inescapable differences in personality, viewpoint, and philosophy between the two interpreters. All of which adds, for my taste, to the most generally satisfactory *Flute* since Beecham's (Franz Crass, Evelyn Lear, Fritz Wunderlich, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Lisa Otto, Roberta Peters, and Hans Hotter, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and RIAS Kammerchor conducted by Karl Böhm (DGG 18981/3, $17.37; stereo 138981/3, $17.37).

To rate Böhm's cast as mentionable in terms of the outstanding one of Beecham speaks its own piece for the care that has been taken in matching the individuals to their requirements. In the case of Fischer-Dieskau and Böhm, the prior collaboration was through Mozart rather than with each other, as the conductor with whom the baritone recorded his prior Papageno was Fricsay, while Walter Berry was the bird-catcher on Böhm's prior, Vienna-based *Flute*. But the result is, in any case, a wholly harmonious partnership that provides the fulcrum on which everything else is balanced.

Some may consider this an exaggeration of the importance of Papageno in a cast of *The Magic Flute*, but it is hard to think of a good production, on or off the stage, in which this character was not impersonated by a first-rate performer. In the case of the Beecham version it was, of course, Gerhard Hüsch, and Fischer-Dieskau is the nearest thing there is today to a lieder singer of the Hüsch quality. On a man-to-man, woman-to-woman basis, the rising Fritz Wunderlich has even more of a lyric sound than Helge Roswänge as Tamino, and Franz Crass as Sarastro is a reasonable match for Wilhelm Strienz. Evelyn Lear is not yet a Tiana Lemnitz and may never be, but she is a very satisfactory Pamina, as Lisa Otto is a Papagena.

That leaves one principal role to be accounted for, which puts a focus on Roberta Peters as the Queen of the Night. Was she the very first choice for this assignment? The demands that Böhm makes on her suggest that he had in mind a bigger, more dramatic voice. This is in a sound tradition, and one can only regret that fortune did not favor him with a singer of suitable endowment. Miss Peters has made an effort to accommodate the conductor's requirements and to broaden her production, especially in the lower register. And it is clear that her solos have been microphoned for maximum audibility. However, it is also audible, to those who know her voice, that Miss Peters is singing with wide-open throttle almost all the time, meaning that a sense of strain is inescapable. She does cover the vocal ground at the top of her register fluently, and, thanks to the latitude that tape permits for retakes, with complete accuracy. But until Joan Sutherland bows to the will of the Mozart public, a truly dramatic Queen of the Night is likely to remain a vain wish for this generation.

UNLIKE those versions in which the spoken text is omitted, or the previous version for DGG in which the voices of actors were substituted for those of the singers, this edition offers the necessary verbal matter to sustain the story in the same timbre as those heard in the sung vocal line. This adds to credibility and leaves no area for dissatisfaction with their dual performance. After all, that is what these experienced persons are accustomed to doing in the theater. It was an inspired idea to enlist Hans Hotter to perform the role of the Sprecher, for he summons a quiet dignity and rolling sonority of spoken sound that supplements the impact of his personality as a singer. The staging of the performance is by Gustav Rudolf Sellner, and it is well accomplished.

The first *Flute* by Böhm I heard was in Vienna about 1951, when his celebrity was mostly local, and it was the fashion of some to deride him as "the schoolmaster." I could not see the justice of the description then, and I see it even less now. Temperament, in the overt sense, is not in his line: but neither is the kind of personality that calls attention, intentionally or otherwise, to "my" Mozart. Böhm's Mozart is always "his" Mozart, which is to say Mozart's. I find it companionable as well as communicative, attractive at first encounter and easy to live with. The orchestral playing is of the quality to be expected from the Berlin Philharmonic, just as the recording is of the established DGG standard.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Dvořák: Concerto in B minor. Tchaikovsky: *Variations on a Rococo Theme.* Leonard Rose, cello, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 6114, $4.98; stereo MS 6714, $5.98.	Rose's credentials for rank among the best cellists of the day are well known, and this fine performance of the Dvořák adds to them. There may be some who prefer more "temperament" in their playing, but each one of those will be matched by another who relishes Rose's artistry for what it is—the manifestation of a superior musical mind as well as a performing mechanism of effortless precision. However, when it comes to such a work as the *Rococo Variations* of Tchaikovsky, the mechanics tend to become more effortful and also less precise. He is a little overmatched in this kind of facile exhibitionism, especially in the ending flourishes. Ormandy and the orchestra perform for him as well as they would for the latest Russian sensation. Excellent sound.
Khachaturian: Concerto. Henryk Szeryng, violin, and the London Symphony, conducted by Antal Dorati. Mercury MG 50393, $4.98; stereo SR 90393, $5.98.	Between them, Szeryng and Dorati provide all that is required to make the most of Khachaturian's cleverly calculated collection of effects and appeals. Unlike some other virtuosi, Szeryng does not undertake to add emphasis to what is already spelled out by Khachaturian in capitals and italics; he does, indeed, soften some of its more garish colorations in a way that adds interest and promotes esteem for his taste. Clearly the endeavor is one that is shared by Dorati, who disciplines the orchestra to a full-scale participation in the results. To my taste, this is the most agreeable performance to date of this work; it is also powerfully reproduced.
Mozart: Concertos No. 18 in B flat (K.456) and No. 24 in C minor (K.491). Paul von Schilhawsky, piano, and the orchestra of Radio Bavaria under the direction of Rudolf Albert. Nonesuch H-1059, $2.50; stereo H-71059, $2.50.	Rather than expending all its space on commentary on the two familiar works, as tends to be customary with companies generally, Nonesuch might have offered a line or two, at least, about the unfamiliar performers—especially as they acquit themselves in ways that invite further knowledge about them. In the case of Albert, he must be one of the most modest maestri of the day, for it is nearly ten years since he was heard as director of a fine *Cosi* in Versailles, and he is, apparently, attached to Radio Bavaria now, as he was then. Of Schilhawsky, I have no knowledge whatsoever, beyond that communicated by this recording, which is considerable. It describes him as a musician of knowledge and taste, and a pianist of fluency and grace, with a real Mozartian flair. The recording belies the price in every detail, save that, with all the verbiage, there is no mention of what cadenzas are used.
Ravel: *Rapsodie Espagnole.* Debussy: Nocturnes ("Nuages", "Fêtes", "Sirènes"), *Danse* (orchestrated by Ravel). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 6079, $4.98; stereo MS 6697, $5.98.	Ormandy's capacity to penetrate the essence of an orchestral pattern is given a startling measure of assistance by Columbia's technicians here. As Thomas Frost is credited as "producer," a substantial share of the credit should be his. In the Ravel, particularly, the interwoven elements of the tonal design are heard as they must have been imagined by the composer and as they sound to the players and the conductor. This is not necessarily the way they sound to an audience in the concert hall, but the alteration of emphasis makes for an absorbing experience. The Debussy is no less beautifully performed by Ormandy's ensemble, but the same technique in the reproduction yields less satisfactory results. Probably this has to do with the esthetic values involved; one is more interested in the *totality* of Debussy, less in its component elements (as in Ravel). However, these are merely marginal observations on two performances of exceptional care and sensitivity that reflect abundant honor on all. This includes the Temple University Women's Choir (directed by Robert Page), which sings the wordless choral writing in "Sirènes".
Rózsa: *Overture to a Symphony Concert, Hungarian Sketches, Notturna Ungherese,* Theme, Variations and Finale. Miklos Rózsa conducting the RCA Italiana Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2802, $4.79; stereo LSC 2802, $5.79.	Rózsa's music is full of reminiscences, not only of the Hungarian folk music with which he grew up, but more particularly of other composers (such as Bartók and Kodály) who have stylized the way of using it. He is, in the first instance, not a composer who altered or adapted his manner to the needs of such film sound tracks as *Ben Hur, El Cid, Quo Vadis,* etc. but, rather, one whose inclinations—to judge by the *Hungarian Sketches* of 1938 and Theme, Variations and Finale of even earlier—were in that direction much earlier. Thus these works convey the externals—tunes, orchestration, colorful harmony—but very little of the substance that makes music worth the listening. Certainly there is no reason for considering the performances anything but satisfactory.
Shostakovitch: Symphony No. 7. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia M2L 322, $9.96; stereo M2S 722, $11.96.	As those who recall the programs directed by Bernstein at the City Center twenty years ago before he had an orchestra to call his own will recollect, he has long been a partisan of this gargantuan work. This is why, perhaps, this version is the only one currently available that did not originate in the Soviet Union. Bernstein applies the best of his considerable musical resource to it and makes a more persuasive case for the work than might be considered possible at this time. Allowing for all contingencies, the conclusion must be that the service Shostakovitch performed in wartime on behalf of his hard-pressed fellow countrymen was above and beyond anything else. Thus the work has its own humanitarian justification, and one that is worthy of Bernstein's effort on its behalf. Otherwise, it must stand or fall on intrinsic musical values, which are, at this distance, so expanded, extended, overstated, and generally inflated that the content is submerged beyond retrieval. It wears out its interest long before it consumes the time span allocated by Shostakovitch.
Sibelius: Concerto in D minor. Christian Ferras, violin, with the Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by Herbert von Karajan. DGG 18961, $5.79; stereo 138961, $5.79.	For reasons that defy instant analysis, Karajan's Sibelius (dating back to an Angel recording of the fourth symphony with the Philharmonia Orchestra) has always possessed a vitality and credibility not found in the efforts of many others. Here it flows in full tide from start to finish of the concerto, with results that are sometimes engulfing for his nominal collaborator. As noted in their version of the Brahms Concerto issued some months ago, Ferras works well along dynamic lines of his own, but they are rather restricted beside those of Karajan. Violinistically, it is all to his credit, but there is no question which performer has the lion's share of the microphone's attention. To make it inescapable, Karajan performs his own encore, a version of *Finlandia* that has seldom been matched for assertiveness. Very good sound.
Sibelius: Concerto in D minor. Zino Francescatti, violin, with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Bruch: Concerto in G minor. Francescatti, violin, with Thomas Schippers conducting. Columbia ML 6131, $4.98; MS 6731, $5.98.	This is a totally different kind of Sibelius than the preceding, though not really a more satisfying solution to the problem. Here Francescatti is the assertive one and is magnificently assured in his solution of violinistic difficulties. However, it is all too much virtuoso cut and slash to touch the heart of the Sibelian matter—it goes, rather, to the quick. Bernstein does efficiently what the circumstances require, but it is plain whose conception dominates. The results in the Bruch (which has been issued previously) are quite otherwise—thoughtfully vigorous on the part of Francescatti, warmly complimentary on the part of Schippers. Francescatti fans will find this offer irresistible; others will be advised to seek out other versions of the Sibelius, of which the Spivakovsky (on Everest) is one of the best. —Irving Kolodin.

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Riding Gain

By IVAN B. BERGER

THE DIFFERENCE in quality between amateur and professional tape recordings is often as much a matter of technique as of equipment. And one of the most crucial factors in this technique is the proper adjustment of recording levels, or "riding gain."

Improper recording-level adjustment can result in increased distortion and print-through, increased noise, sudden shifts in volume, or distortion of the dynamic range and emphasis of the program material being recorded.

Distortion and increased print-through (layer-to-layer signal transfer) result when recording levels are set too high. Ideally, recording levels should be set so that the loudest portion of the material being recorded just reaches the maximum permissible level indication on the machine's record-level indicator.

In many instances, it is possible to pre-set this level before beginning to record. If you are dubbing from a record or another tape, hunt out several of the loudest passages, and set the recording level control so that these passages just peak at the maximum permissible indication. If you are recording live material, try to rehearse the loudest passages before you begin taping.

If you are taping from a radio broadcast, bear in mind that there is an engineer in the studio adjusting levels already: the peak levels reached in two consecutive musical pieces, or two consecutive speech interludes, are likely to be identical. But bear in mind that announcements, commercials, and other spoken interludes in a musical program are likely to be broadcast at a lower level than the music (especially in FM programing), while all-talk programs (news and the like) are almost always broadcast at the same peak levels as musical selections.

If distortion and print-through set the upper limit on your choice of recording levels, noise sets the lower one. The noise level for any given recorder and tape is usually more or less fixed, and the signal should be recorded—where possible—at a sufficiently high level to be clearly distinguishable from the background noise during playback. Here, in fact, is the true significance of the signal-to-noise ratio specification: a signal-to-noise ratio of 55 decibels (or a "noise level" of 55 db) gives you a dynamic range of roughly 55 db within which to record your signal. This dynamic range can be stretched a few db if you are willing to tolerate more noise and distortion.

There are at least four types of signal-level indicator in common use on tape recorders: the single neon lamp, the dual neon lamp, the "magic eye" (in both its circular and bar-shaped guises), and the record-level meter. It is well to bear in mind that the neon and magic-eye indicators give instantaneous readings of peak recording levels, while the meter usually indicates the average level over a slightly greater time span. In practice, this means that many short but loud signal peaks may not register on the meter, and there is consequently a trifle less margin for overrecording error.

The ideal in making a recording is usually to preserve the full, exact dynamic range of the original program material: loud passages should be loud and soft ones soft in direct correspondence to their original relative levels. This can, ideally, be achieved by setting the record level so that maximum permissible level corresponds to the program peaks, and then *leaving the controls alone* throughout the recording. To this end, it often will not matter if the record indicator briefly indicates nothing now and then, so long as a signal is audible through the earphones or speakers used for monitoring. This, incidentally, is one of the prime uses of headphones: for monitoring recordings and broadcasts when speakers would leak sound back into the microphone.

However, it is necessary under many circumstances to adjust levels during the recording. There may be no opportunity to pre-set levels, or your pre-setting may be inaccurate. The dynamic range of the program material may exceed the dynamic range of the available equipment. Or the dynamics of the program itself may need some correction.

When such corrections must be made, they should be made slowly and with restraint. A drop in level that looks insignificant on the record-level indicator may sound disastrously conspicuous in playback. Beginning recordists often ignore level adjustments until alerted by a loud peak, then lunge, too late, at the gain controls to lower their levels. The result is a distorted peak followed by a moment of strangled quiet that makes the peak, by contrast, even more conspicuous.

Once a peak is recorded, the damage is done. If no other such peaks are anticipated, it is best to leave the recording level alone. If the program volume diminishes after this peak, but other such peaks are expected, it is wisest to lower the gain during the diminuendo, thus concealing your handiwork to some extent. If the program level following the peak remains high, you must lower your record gain very slowly.

Silent interludes in the program are excellent times for making level adjustments, bearing in mind that the exact effects of these adjustments will not be apparent until the program resumes: best make such adjustments cautiously. Caution is indicated in any case, since abrupt changes in recording level will be apparent, on playback, as a sudden jump in background noise.

In stereo, any major readjustment of recording level in one channel should be accompanied by at least a minor readjustment of the other, to prevent apparent spatial movement of the sound sources. Unilateral adjustments may be made a bit more freely when one channel is already much louder than the other, or when only minor gain adjustments are being made.

Where shifting program levels are anticipated, it is a good idea to mark the proper settings of your record gain control on the control panel with a china-marking crayon or grease pencil. If many shifts are anticipated, a cue sheet reminding you of when and how much to change levels is helpful. A run-through before the actual recording will be needed if such a cue sheet is to be made.

The recording equipment now available to the amateur is often as good as that found in many studios. If the amateur devotes as much care to his technique as he does to the selection of his equipment, he can often achieve truly professional results.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Gounod: *Saint Cecilia Mass.* Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Heinz Hoppe, tenor; Franz Crass, bass, with the orchestra and chorus of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, conducted by Jean-Claude Hartemann. Angel 36214, $4.98; stereo S36214, $5.98.	For reasons known best to himself, Berlioz professed admiration for this work when it was first performed in the mid-1850s. Doubtless it commanded esteem in the context of the time, but it offers little that is revealing about either Gounod or the liturgy. It is harmonically bland and lacking in the kind of melodic power that might give wings to its sentiment. The performance *per se* could hardly be better, for the solo singers are all excellent, and the quality of sound evoked by Hartemann in the Eglise St. Roch, Paris, is ideally suited to the musical content.
Mozart: Mass in C (K.317), *Coronation; Vesperae Solennes de Confessore* (K.339). Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano; Bianca Maria Casoni, mezzo; Pietro Bottazzo, tenor; and Georg Littasy, bass. Karl Ristenpart conducting the chorus of the Sarrebrück Conservatory and a chamber orchestra. Nonesuch H1041, $2.50; stereo H71041, $2.50.	As well as bringing together two of the most beautiful works ever conceived by the mind of Mozart, this disc offers the loyal adherents and admirers of Teresa Stich-Randall the opportunity to sample her artistry in the music for the soprano voice, particularly in the *Laudate Dominum* of the Vespers. She does it all with distinction, which is more than can be said of her colleagues in their exposed efforts. However, the choral quantity as well as quality is good, and the totality is a credit to Ristenpart. Very satisfactory sound.
Mozart: Sonatas No. 10 in F major (K.244), No. 13 in G major (K.274), No. 14 in C major (K.278) and No. 15 in C major (K.328). Marie-Claire Alain, organ, with J. F. Paillard conducting a chamber orchestra. Andante in F major (K.616), Fantasy No. 1 in F minor (K.594) and No. 2 in F minor, (K.594). Alain, organ. Westminster XWN 19090/1, $9.96; stereo WST 17090/1, $9.96.	There can be no complaint or criticism about the quality of performance in this second volume of Westminster's series devoted to the literature of Mozart for organ and orchestra. The complaint, unusual as it is in the case of this composer, has to do with Mozart himself. The examples of collaborative effort here are mostly for orchestra, with small participation by the organ (positiv). There is more interest in the solo pieces, especially K.616, which also exists in a piano arrangement and has some suggestion of the "mystical" music of *Magic Flute.* The organ is particularly well reproduced on this side.
Pergolesi: *La serva padrona.* Mariella Adani, soprano, and Leonardo Monreale, basso, with orchestra, directed by Ettore Gracis. Nonesuch H 1043, $2.50; stereo H 71043, $2.50.	Nothing could demonstrate the range of Pergolesi better than a comparison of this lively *buffa,* his best-known work, with the *Stabat Mater* below. Indeed, one can only imagine what a composer of such diversity might have added to the literature of music had he not been the victim of a fatal illness at twenty-six. The present version has much to commend it, but it does not quite match the sparkle of the vocal interplay in the Zeani/Rossi-Lemeni performance (on Vox) issued last year. However, for its good spirits and satisfactory sound, it is worth investigation at the price.
Pergolesi: *Stabat Mater.* Judith Raskin, soprano, and Maureen Lehane, mezzo, with Franco Caracciolo conducting the Orchestra Rossini di Napoli. London 5921, $4.98; OS 25921, $5.98.	There has been no lack of previous recordings of this beautiful work (four others are listed in Schwann) but none other of comparable fidelity has the musical virtues of this one. The scheme of the setting (seven duets and five solos) puts a particular burden of prominence on the vocalists. Miss Raskin's previous accomplishments leave little doubt of her ability to bear them capably, but Miss Lehane is less of a known quality. Her vocal sound is less exceptional than Miss Raskin's, but she is admirably schooled and well suited to the style of the writing. Outstanding in Caracciolo's treatment of the work is a sense of gravity that provides just the kind of emphasis wanted. It is performed in a revision by M. Zanon, who has also provided the organ part.
Schubert: Mass in E flat (No. 6) with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo; Alva Tripp, tenor; Leon Goeke, tenor; and Chester Watson, bass. Frederic Waldman conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus. Decca DL 9422, $4.98; stereo DL 79422, $5.98.	Though Waldman's reputation is primarily a local one, that is no small distinction when the locality in which he is distinguished is metropolitan New York. As his "live" performances here have suggested, he is not one to pursue perfection of execution to the place where the point of the musical expression is dulled or the edge of its meaning blunted. So much is the case, also, with this effort, which gives the expression of chorus as well as soloists participating in a genuine communication of sentiment, rather than merely participating in a "performance" under someone's leadership. At the same time, a thoroughly professional standard of musicianship is sustained. In the "Benedictus," and the concluding "Dona nobis pacem" it attains a high level of artistry when the well-chosen and well-balanced solo quartet is merged with the chorus and orchestra. For those to whom the work may be unfamiliar, the injunction should be issued: don't persist in such ignorance. The recording earns honors both for fidelity and excellent judgment of what bears emphasis in the musical score.
Schubert: *Wanderer Fantasy.* Sonata in C minor (Op. Post.). Gary Graffman, piano. Columbia ML 6135, $4.98; stereo MS 6735, $5.98.	Musically, both of these performances are well above the average, a tribute to Graffman's questing intelligence and his absorption in the content of the two works. Pianistically, he tends to regard the instrument as a means to an end, which is all to the good, save where its inherent nature is violated (in the *Fantasy*) by hard-driven chords and dynamic contrasts that verge on harshness. He is less prone to this kind of emphasis in the Sonata, which is beautifully accomplished (especially in the finale, which is played mostly at a low-volume level but with a powerful sense of momentum).
Schumann: Sonata in G minor. Liszt: *Sonetto 104 del Petrarca,* Rhapsody No. 12. Hindemith: Sonata No. 2. Scriabin: Etude in C sharp minor (Op. 42, No. 5). Ronald Turini, piano. RCA Victor LM 2779, $4.79; stereo LSC 2779, $5.79.	Power and facility are good things for any aspiring pianist, especially power and facility of the strength which Turini commands. To say that he has not yet learned to derive maximum values from them is to say, merely, that he is on the threshold of what should be a notable career. At the moment, it would seem to me that he needs to invest less time in strengthening what is already in strongest supply with him—technique—and more time in listening to the sound of the music he makes. In the Schumann, for example, one frequently has the impression that the fingers have taken over from the mind and are hurrying along on their own. This would lead to the conclusion that he would fare best in Liszt, but this is not the case. It is the Scriabin that brings out the best in Turini; the Hindemith brings out least. The Liszt is pianistically fluent, but lacking in the kind of sharply defined outlines it demands. —I.K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Delius to Colonel Bogey

LONDON.

THE compositions of Frederick Delius no longer enjoy the vogue they did in the days of Beecham's devoted championship, but those who still respond to his singular brand of perfumed nostalgia are bound to welcome a new HMV issue containing the Cello Concerto (not, perhaps, among his best works, but beautifully played here by Jacqueline du Pré in her first concerto recording), the *Songs of Farewell*, and *A Song Before Sunrise*. Sir Malcolm Sargent, who conducts the Royal Choral Society and the RPO on this disc, reveals himself once more as a sympathetic Delian even if he is no magician like the late Sir Thomas. An interesting, rather novel idea in program planning is developed by the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, under David Willcocks, making its debut on HMV: settings of various sacred Latin texts by William Byrd have been placed side by side with settings of the same texts by contemporary or near-contemporary composers like Lassus, Palestrina, and Victoria. The resulting disc is as beautiful as it is instructive and shows—as it was obviously intended to do—that Byrd was a master fit to be ranked with the greatest.

Other HMV issues include an absorbing and fairly demanding collection of keyboard works by contemporary English composers (Birtwistle, Maxwell Davies, Goehr, Hall, and Hodinott), splendidly played by John Ogdon, a pleasing account of Brahms's Second Sextet by the Menuhin Ensemble (who add Schubert's little B-flat String Trio for good measure), and magnificently full-blooded performances of Tchaikovsky's Serenade in C and Arensky's *Tchaikovsky Variations* by the LSO strings under Barbirolli. Columbia offers no more than Brahms's Third Symphony and Haydn Variations in characteristic Cleveland-Szell performances and a moderately successful disc of highlights from Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, recorded in Paris but featuring a cosmopolitan cast including Rosanna Carteri, Nicolai Gedda, Michel Dens, and Joseph Rouleau, with the Opéra orchestra conducted by Alain Lombard.

Argo, continuing to serve the cause of British music with unflinching devotion, produces yet another song recital by Peter Pears, in which the main work is a cycle, *Voices of the Prophets*, by Alan Bush (accompanied by the composer). Also included are Tippett's very individual *Songs for Ariel* (in which Britten is the accompanist) and a mixed bag of settings by Delius, Moeran, van Dieren, Warlock, Grainger, and William Busch; one doubts, however, whether such a collection will evoke much response beyond these shores. More suitable for export, in my view, is a second Argo disc sponsored by the British Council that features instrumental works by Elizabeth Lutyens (a string quartet, a wind quintet, and five Bagatelles for Piano) and Iain Hamilton (a cello sonata and some piano pieces).

Argo has also produced, in association with the publishers Macmillan, four records entitled *Rhyme and Rhythm—Poems and Songs for Children*. Each disc corresponds to one of Macmillan's volumes and contains an enchanting assortment of poems and songs, from anonymous nursery jingles and nonsense rhymes to verses by such as Shakespeare, Tennyson, de la Mare, and others, and songs by Britten—designed for children of about seven to eleven years old, though, as most parents today know only too well, our young sophisticates of the television era respond to this kind of material long before they go to school. The performers on these discs include a number of well-known actors, several singers and percussion players, and a delightfully spirited children's choir from the Hampstead Garden Suburb Junior School; the Britten songs have been "borrowed" from an earlier Argo recital by boy contralto John Hahessy, accompanied by the composer.

OF the foursome that made *Beyond the Fringe* one of the most brilliantly successful satirical revues ever seen on both sides of the Atlantic, Peter Cook and the versatile Dudley Moore have lately become even more familiar performers. From their splendid TV series, *Not only . . . But also*, Decca has extracted a number of really funny highlights, most of them duologues between Cook and Moore who, in the guise of two cockney characters, send up the more stereotyped, prejudiced, man-in-the-street views on a variety of subjects in hilarious fashion. The same two artists also appear separately on two sides of a seven-inch Parlophone disc: Cook in one of his superbly mournful, flat-voiced monologues; Moore in two delicious musical turns, including an irresistible mock-Beethoven *Fantasia on "Colonel Bogey,"* which culminates in a wildly interminable coda of nightmarish character.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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RECORDINGS REPORT: Folk and Blues LP's

PERSONNEL, TITLE, DATA	REPORT
The Staple Singers: *Amen!* Roebuck Staples, guitar and vocals; Mavis, Cleotha, and Purvis Staple, vocals. Epic LN 24132, $3.98; stereo BN-26132, $4.98.	Now that the "pop-gospel" debacle has, thankfully, departed, we can return to the excellent stylings of groups like the Staples (and the Swan Silvertones) who are devoid of the contrived machinations employed by the unlamented departed. The album notes on this record read ". . . the Staple Singers . . . represent Gospel-Spiritual music at its very best." To this we can only add "Amen!"
Babe Stovall. Stovall, guitar and vocals; Sylvester Handy, bass; Gosoon Phillips, banjo. Verve VPM-1, $3.98.	Stovall is an excellent, previously unrecorded Mississippian who sings in the famed "Delta" style. Although not quite as urgent or intense as some of the more outstanding men from the region, he is nonetheless a strong performer. His sound is rich and spirited, and the addition of two New Orleans jazzmen, on four-string banjo and bass, combine wonderfully in an unusual musical alchemy. The extended version of *Careless Love*, which evolves into Delta singer Tommy Johnson's *Big Road Blues* about midway, is of certain interest, as is Stovall's crisp guitar playing throughout.
Rare Blues of the Twenties. Virginia Liston; Georgia Tom, and Tampa Red; Ethel Waters; Bobbie Leecan, and Robert Cooksey; various others. Accompaniments include piano, guitar, harmonica, cornet, piano. Historical Jazz, ASC 1, $5.98. Mono only.	There is no common theme linking these reissue performances, save that they were all recorded during the same decade. They vary in quality from the mawkishly trite city-blues performances of Blind Richard Yates and Virginia Liston and the poor theatrical effort of Ethel Waters to the two acceptable sides by Tampa Red and Georgia Tom ("Grievin' Me Blues" and "It's Tight Like That"). Despite the average nature, at best, of most of the tracks, the release does attain significance because of the inclusion of the two rare Leecan-Cooksey sides, "Blue Harmonica" and "Don't Let Your Head Hang Down," both of which feature guitarist Bobbie Leecan's flat-picking. The sound transfers are unusually poor, even for a reissue production.
J. D. Short and Big Joe Williams: *Stavin' Chain Blues.* Williams, vocals and nine-string guitar; Short, vocals, guitar, and harmonica. Delmark DL-609, $4.98. Mono only.	Having been privileged to hear the tapes of this 1958 session some years ago, I have often wondered if the efforts involved would ever see the light of day. Now, some seven years later, they constitute an exceptionally strong LP of Mississippi blues and sound even better with age. Williams and his cousin J. D. Short are a perfect melding of identical musical approaches and complement each other admirably. The former takes eight vocals and Short takes two, the songs being, for the most part, from Williams's repertoire—"Gonna Check Up on My Baby," "Mean Stepfather," etc. The sole driving instrumental piece and Short's performance of the title song are the most interesting statements.
Dave Ray: *Snaker's Here.* Ray, vocals and twelve-string guitar; Tony Glover, harmonica on five selections. Elektra EKL-284, $4.98; stereo EKS-7284, $5.95.	This is, perhaps, the best blues offering, instrumentally, to be released to date by a younger, urban white artist. Ray is a remarkable twelve-string guitarist and a good vocalist who reflects the extensive influence of recordings. He has a striking sense of dynamics ("Rock Me"), a daring for musical exploration (the bottleneck "Go My Bail"), and is instrumentally unsurpassed in urban or rural stylings.
The Greenbriar Boys: *Ragged but Right.* Ralph Rinzler, mandolin and vocals; Bob Yellin, five-string banjo and vocals; John Herald, guitar and vocals; Sandy Block, bass; Eric Weissberg, bass. Vanguard VRS 9159, $4.98; stereo VSD 79159, $5.95.	Purveyors of that highly percussive country music, Bluegrass, the "Boys" are also heavily steeped in the older, traditional forms and allied styles. Along with the New Lost City Ramblers they are the strongest group of active "city-billies" and feature Herald's ringing tenor voice. The most interesting aspect of the group is the good humor with which they approach their music. Unlike so many other groups, they have never fallen into the maelstrom of stagnant imitations and these tunes are a good cross-section of their repertoire: "Levee Breaking Blues," "McKinley," "Methodist Pie," etc.
Singing Sisters of Our Lady of Africa: *Suzanna.* Choral group with drum and gourd accompaniment. Aardvark 1347A, $3.98; stereo 1347B, $4.95.	Some of the most lyrical re-creations imaginable of African songs and chants make up this unique recording. The songs originate from various regions of the "dark" continent and constitute a portion of the repertory of the singing "White Sisters," a missionary order that has been active in Africa for many years. Not only have the "Sisters" captured the heartbeat of the African vocal style; they have also done beautifully with the primitive drum rhythms that they employ as accompaniment. A wholly fascinating group of interpretations that includes an informative four-page booklet with song texts and explanatory narrative.
Phil Ochs: *I Ain't Marching Anymore.* Ochs, vocals and guitar. Elektra EKL-287, $4.98; stereo EKS-7287, $5.95.	Broadside ballads and balladeers have been an all-important musical/socio-economic weather vane for many years. After a somewhat unfortunate hiatus, it appears that the topical song is currently in the midst of an unusually strong resurgence. One of its best exponents is Phil Ochs, a young man (quite "angry," it appears) of many words, some pointed, others caustic, many disagreeable, but almost all provocative. One may not agree with Ochs's points of view, but he is undeniably a remarkably gifted poet and an able and capable performer. The emphasis here is on "protest," with very few of the Establishment escaping barbs, although the President Kennedy ballad, "That Was the President," is a tender respite, quite pleasant, and far from the artist's usually acid approach.
Buffy Sainte-Marie: *Many a Mile.* Miss Sainte-Marie, vocals with guitar and mouth-bow; Russ Savakus, bass; Daddy Bones, second guitar on one selection; Patrick Sky, second guitar on one selection. Vanguard VRS 9171, $4.98; stereo VSD 79171, $5.95.	Distaff singers, with few exceptions, appear to be content, for the most part, with their roles as "interpreters." Miss Sainte-Marie may not sing as well as a host of others, but there are few who can approximate her talent for writing new and meaningful songs. She possesses a directness all her own and more than amply delivers her message with "Los Pescadores," "Until It's Time for You to Go," and "Welcome Welcome Emigrante." —LAWRENCE COHN.

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Tucker at the Colon

BUENOS AIRES.

WHILE AMERICANS scan newspapers to find summer music festivals near their homes, or make plans for their vacations abroad contingent upon European programs, music lovers in Buenos Aires have but to go downtown. Here in Argentina we live upside down; the height of the music season is during our winter months of June, July, and August. One is tempted to ask why, in this age of the jet, more Americans do not choose to vacation in Buenos Aires. Of course this would involve sacrificing some summer sun, but Argentine hospitality as well as the first-rate musical culture of the city would more than compensate.

Although opera is not by any means the alpha and omega of musical life here, the Teatro Colon season certainly represents the foremost expression of musical creativity, and, indeed, the Colon can compare favorably with other leading opera houses throughout the world. A common complaint among opera lovers elsewhere is pedestrian repertory that does not permit a listener to make the acquaintance of new or seldom-heard works. Such a criticism would hardly be possible in Buenos Aires, for the following program for 1965 indicates our interest in offbeat as well as familiar opera: *La Traviata, Les Dialogue des Carmelites, Le Damnation de Faust, Werther, Boris Godunov, Tosca, Un ballo in maschera, L'incoronazione di Poppea, Falstaff, Don Pasquale, Turandot, Salome, Der Fliegende Holländer, Die Frau ohne Schatten Lulu,* and Hector Panizza's *Aurora.* The reader can see for himself that only seven or eight of the operas for this season can be considered standard repertory. Of the sixteen operas, eight received new productions, of which two, the Poulenc and the Berg, were South American premieres.

Each opera at the Colon receives five or six performances, and the season is divided, though none too strictly, into French, Italian, and German sections. When looking over the number of new productions as well as the non-box-office character of some of the other choices, it would be well to bear in mind that the Colon is administered by the municipality of Buenos Aires and is not a private corporation.

Among the conductors for the season were Juan Emilio Martini of Argentina; Jean Fournet of Paris (who scored a resounding success with the Berlioz that, from a strictly musical point of view, has been thus far the most rewarding performance of the season), and Bruno Bartoletti, at present from Chicago, who has electrified the Colon with his passionate and dramatic though sensitively intelligent readings of *Boris, Tosca,* and *Ballo.* Expected for the remainder of the season were Fernando Previtali, who is an annual guest, André Cluytens, and Ferdinand Leitner.

It has been the consensus that the most glorious singing of the season was contributed by the great American tenor, Richard Tucker, who was originally scheduled to sing only Mario in *Tosca,* but stayed on to help the Colon when Giuseppe di Stefano walked out on his performances of *Ballo.* This was Tucker's third visit to the Colon, and by now he is well entrenched as the favorite tenor in these parts. His voice seemed to have become more beautiful during the past few seasons, and all admired his phrasing, breathing, and unparalleled lyricism.

Di Stefano was scheduled for one *Tosca* and for three *Ballos,* but his singing in *Tosca* was actually painful. His gasping in passages like "Vittoria" in the second act seemed to indicate that he was in serious vocal trouble. The fans gave him a very hard time, and apparently he was not willing to risk a second debacle with *Ballo.* He left the day he was supposed to open. Happily, Tucker was still in town and, without rehearsal, saved the day.

OTHER tenors who have been heard this season have been the Australian Albert Lance, and the Argentine Carlo Cossutta, who is scheduled to sing Radames in Chicago this year.

Other highlights of the season were Cornell MacNeil's singing of "Eri tu" in *Ballo,* which evoked the longest single ovation (his voice seems to be getting fuller and more expressive each year), and Gabriel Bacquier's much-appreciated performance of "Di provenza" in *Traviata.* Among the other leading singers heard were Denise Duval, who sang in the very moving theological music-drama *Les Dialogue des Carmelites;* Biserka Cvejic; William Wildermann; Giuseppe Taddei; Margherita Roberti; and Oralia Dominguez. Before the season ends we will have Bartoletti's treatment of the Monteverdi, Geraint Evans as Falstaff, and Birgit Nilsson as Turandot and Salome.

—MARSHALL T. MEYER.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Opinions and Conflicts

THE EDITOR'S REVIEW of the Toscanini release of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* [*SR*, July 31] is not an unbiased criticism but a conflict of interest on the critic's part. Since he wrote "Having been privileged to write the annotation for this release . . .," I was amazed at his obvious remarks. Would it not have been better to have another critic review this recording? I have always held his reviews in high esteem, but this act of duplicity cannot be passed over lightly and certainly must not happen in the future.

J. W. SANTAMO.

Hartford, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There may be good reasons for having this or any other release reviewed by another critic, but the reason cited by reader Santamo is not among them. The editor makes a point of hearing any recording he is invited to write about before accepting the assignment. In this particular case, he heard the original broadcast twenty* years ago *and has been urging the issuance of it for much of the time since. Thus his opinion of its quality was fully exposed before; as he noted, "he was privileged to write the annotation. . . ."*

In re *Romeo*

I WOULD LIKE to congratulate RCA Victor for its *Roméo et Juliette* recording. May I heartily urge RCA Victor to reissue more of Gladys Swarthout's performances. What a voice!

DICK R. BUNTON.

New Carlisle, Ind.

Festivals USA

WHOEVER WAS RESPONSIBLE for the schedule of "Music Festivals USA" [*SR*, July 17] certainly didn't do his homework so far as St. Louis is concerned. . . .

CHLOE W. SHERMAN.

Clayton, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The schedule was compiled from isolated sources, and requests for information were frequently ignored. Addenda, especially as regards annual activities of a festival nature, are warmly welcomed to provide expanded information for next year's listings.*

READING THROUGH YOUR recent "Music Festivals USA" I learned of many planned programs I had not formerly been aware of. Having a catalogue such as this is very valuable to people who are culturally inclined. An uninformed public is one reason why there are so few companies willing to perform. . . . I'm sure other people will join me in thanking you for this information.

CHERYL SLOVIN.

Bethpage, N.Y.

Dance on Basie

REVIEWER STANLEY DANCE is to be congratulated on his favorable comments on the recent RCA (Vintage Series) album *Count Basie in Kansas City* [*SR*, July 31]. There is no doubt that these sixteen performances made by Bennie Moten's band between 1929 and 1932 will always remain historically entertaining, satisfying, and, most important, significant to jazz.

An up-to-date praise is due the present 1965 Basie band. Its explosive force and haunting ensemble qualities have remained through the years. The current Basie crew is one of the finest that the "Kid from Red Bank" has ever had. Its soloists are all first-rate: Al Grey, Eric Dixon, Al Aarons, Rufus Jones, Lockjaw Davis, among others. The beautiful jazz they produce is, in fact, timeless.

DENNIS R. HENDLEY.

Milwaukee, Wis.

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Angry Authors

Continued from page 19

the existing legal means of amending the sins and scandals of a social system. Protesters may despise political machinery and the machine-minders in their hearts but they must apply their brains to using them. Short of bloody upheaval there is no other way.

One novelist and playwright, John Galsworthy, now little regarded by the critics but once highly praised and influential, was a protester who knew his way about and so did procure a valuable reform in penal methods. His play *Justice,* produced in 1910, contained a moving scene exposing the cruelty of prolonged solitary confinement. The victim of his tragedy, an unfortunate weakling rather than a resolute criminal, was shown driven to desperation and battering on his cell door, while his neighboring convicts began also to bang and batter in their frustration. It was not a play seen by many, but it was visited by Winston Churchill, then holding a position in the Home Office, which was responsible for administering jails. He was impressed and mitigated the amount of solitary confinement. Galsworthy was a sensible man of the world and did not start his protest by calling all politicians, judges, civil servants, prison-governors, and warders either unspeakable numskulls or sadistic monsters.

It can be fairly claimed that America produced the most successful of all novels with a moral and political purpose. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* sold half a million copies in the USA when it appeared in book form in 1852 and was soon translated into twenty-two languages. Mrs. Beecher Stowe had made Legree's lash curl round the conscience of the world. Other people and other methods were needed to finish the job. Upton Sinclair won a Pure Food Act from Congress by writing *The Jungle* in 1906, but his subsequent onslaughts on the capitalist system did nothing to create a popular revolt against free enterprise in the Republic. Sinclair Lewis was not a man with a specific program; he hammered the Main Street way of life and Babbittry in general. He took professions in turn, medicine in *Martin Arrowsmith* and revivalist preaching in *Elmer Gantry,* and gave them a typical trouncing. But he was not a force in politics. He knew how to tell a story, a capacity not always shared by those who mix propaganda with their novels and plays. He prospered and so did Main Street.

Shaw, at the age of ninety, contributed an introduction to Dickens's *Great Expectations* in which he said that Dickens had written in *Little Dorrit* a book "more seditious than *Das Kapital.* All over Europe men and women are in prison for pamphlets and speeches which are to *Little Dorrit* as red pepper to dynamite." Of this suggestion the public remained completely unaware. The British have subsequently paid their supposed dynamitard the compliment of turning him into an adjective. To them "a Dickens world" has suggested red-faced, bountiful hosts in cozy roadside inns, "the jolly old coaching-days" (in which people actually sat for whole days on freezing carriage roofs), candlelit Christmas trees, much opening of bottles, and overeating at family reunions with no family quarrels. He ignited Yule logs instead of palaces and Parliament houses. The Great Protester had become the Prophet of Good Cheer.

It can always be said of the rebellious novelist, playwright, or poet that he sets a wind blowing that will fan the inflammatory mood. But that breeze may be a long time whistling round the ordinary home before its inmates take notice. Shelley is more remembered for his observations on a skylark than for his execration of all people governing. Byron called John Bull the greatest jackass in the world and was forgiven because he wittily amused his complacent compatriots and set the well-fed Georgian laughing over his wine. He made speeches in the House of Lords about factory conditions before socialist agitation was heard of and now most English Socialist voters have never heard of him. Streets are named after Byron all over Europe, but not in England.

What the eloquent protesters of the romantic revolutionary kind had demanded in their songs of freedom and salutes to glorious dawns could never be wholly realized, but much of the necessary changes and abatements of social injustice were achieved by the plodding Utilitarian reformers who sat on committees, badgered lukewarm supporters, and drafted bills. That was an unspectacular job and putting anger into blazing words is more memorable because more picturesque. Except where there are fiery revolutions it works out in most countries the same way. Protest catches the ear. Perseverance delivers the goods. The literary artist spins the abiding words. The industrious devotee of good works is regarded as a dullard by posterity; but it was he who pulled the strings, did the trick, and is forgotten.

No Echo in Judea

By Samuel Hazo

AS I drive south to Christ and Abraham,
the tires speed the desert road before
me back to Syria. The clocks have stopped.
Only the sky turns modern when a jet
veers eastward for Bombay. Below
its powered wings stand sheep and bedouins.

The sun blinks at me from a donkey's eye
exactly as it blinked eight centuries
ago on tribes of Arabs armed to purge
the last crusader from Jerusalem.
How many bones survive? How many skulls
did Timurlane leave stacked in pyramids

where bedouins fork wheat against the wind
and watch it fall. I squint for evidence.
The deadness of the sea near Jericho
unscrolls no secrets, and the sand endures
for wind alone to sift and re-arrange
and blow the smell of Briton, Frenchman, Turk

and Mongol to the sun. The time is what
it was when Sarah laughed the angel back
to God. The shepherds wait for Christ. The tribes
of Canaan graze their camels near the road
I conquer like a new crusader armed
with film and cigarettes. Nursed on the blood

of Europe's cross and Europe's rack, I search
for what was here before the world moved west.
A donkey blinks. Bedouins cane their sheep.
A child cries until his mother plumps
her breast against him, thumbs the nipple firm
and plugs the blind mouth mute as history.

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Man and God in Dialogue

Continued from page 17

There is only a big red tent hung in the center of the courtyard. . . .
Everything is asleep.
Something in there is not asleep.
Ah-ha!
I am feeling inside the tent. Moans? Sighs? Laughter?

ABRAM: It's not laughter, Lord. It's not laughter;
It's tears. He is praying.

I am lowering my eyes to his courtyard . . . . focusing on his tent.
ARRRRGH ! ! ! !

ABRAM: Why did You bellow, Lord?
The earth is shaking, the wind is fiery, the mountain smokes.

VOICE OF GOD: Messenger Pyromalee!

ABRAM: Don't! Don't! Mercy, Lord. The Angel of Fire!

VOICE OF GOD: Messenger Pyromalee, come closer. Do not tremble; here, kneel down.
I touch your hair and give birth to flames.
I touch your heart and it turns to a fiery coal.
Arise! Spread your incandescent wings like a torch over the earth.
Like a star that is spilling, fall upon the castle of the King.
Burn Sodom and Gomorrah!

ABRAM: Mercy, Lord. Have You no pity for the seed of man?

VOICE OF GOD: Messenger Pyromalee; drink no wine, embrace no women.
Have your mind clear; the earth is full of pitfalls.
Do not look right. Do not look left. Plunge forward to your duty.
Burn!
It is midnight. The moon hangs,
like the lantern of a thief sneaking over Sodom and Gomorrah.
Before dawn, I want you to bring here before me
one hand hot with glowing ashes – Sodom and Gomorrah.
Now go!

ABRAM: A feather is lodged in my throat. A star has spilled to earth;
the wind is full of sulfur. Lord?
My temples no longer throb; You've gone!
The wind has fallen. My breath has gone; my lungs collapsed.
I will not sail Your deep waters again, Lord; I have stopped.
My eyes, my ears, my lips have all turned back from that endless journey;
they are on my face again.
My trembling star-burnt brain writhes behind them.
God fell over me; I ignited.
He left and I remain like a half burnt crust of wood.
But I hear Your voice, Lord, circling 'round me, lashing me;
a tongue of flame . . . Your breath, Lord.
From Your strength I took mine.
I stood as long as You wished, as long as I could.
You've gone, but yet a little strength remains.
I tremble. I fear You, Almighty, All righteous, Most Holy,
but I stand with feet firm on the ground drawing my strength.
I, the worm, will gather from under Your table
the crumbs You toss with contempt.
A little justice . . . a little hope . . . a little love.
You made me the Master Shepherd of Mankind.
You hung their souls about my neck.
I have the responsibility.
The Angel of Fire soars like a hawk.
I, the worm, will also fly.
I will go to find Lot, the son of Harán, my brother.
Lord, help me fulfil Your will.

Curtain

Fiction

Continued from page 42

Mediterranean setting are enough to chill even her brilliant sunlight, and ours.

Just as in Miss Godden's previous novel, *A Winter's Tale*, there is at first only the deep peace of a single human being alone and mesmerized by weather. In *A Winter's Tale* it was Jerome the writer, in a remote English cottage amid unending snow. Here it is Janey the indolent, in a remote villa overlooking the turquoise waters of the Spanish Riviera, amid unending sunshine.

Thanks to the deaths of her wealthy, overbearing father and, several years later, of her older sister, Janey at forty-odd has escaped from the dank suburbs of England and now lives the life for which she had longed. Embraced by solitude, sunlight, and the sea, companioned only by her old cat and occasional friends, Janey Parrish "with nothing to do except lie in the sun all day" has discovered bliss.

But just as Jerome's peace was invaded, so is Janey's—with even more sinister consequences. For to the villa, uninvited, comes her young nephew Michael, announcing that he plans to remain. When Janey protests, Michael informs her blandly that he has evidence showing that she murdered her father and that he also suspects her of doing away with her older sister. Janey, who is indeed guilty of the first murder and possibly of the second, miserably accepts his presence and his increasingly arrogant demands.

So begins the prolonged duel between the conscienceless youth with eyes "as inhuman as a bird's" and the frightened middle-aged woman weakened not only by fear but also by conscience. And if the resolution seems to the reader faintly unsatisfying, nothing else does. Miss Godden remains a delicate spinner of summer and winter tales.

—MARGARET PARTON.

Delinquent Houdini: Danny Masters is a brash, sixteen-year-old, would-be magician come to the big city to get his big break. Unfortunately, he gives his first demonstration of sleight-of-hand by lifting a wallet belonging to the mayor's son and containing seventy or eighty $100 bills. What follows is one long chase suggestive of something out of old silent film comedies with gangster overtones. Danny, aside from wallet-snatching, gets a chance to demonstrate his talent for lock-picking, breaking and entering, burglary, and safe-cracking. When he is not busy with these assorted antisocial activities, he also functions as the hero of David Wagoner's *The Escape Artist* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95). It is at this last occupation alone that he fails.

It is doubtful that anyone, with the possible exception of proud mothers of juvenile delinquents, will find Danny likable or feel concern for his plight; but credit David Wagoner for trying. The author knows how, even as he keeps his plot racing forward, to take quick peeks beneath the surface of his youngster's seemingly tough hide. He gets across the impression that there is a frightened, naïve little boy somewhere inside the incipient Houdini. Mr. Wagoner also knows how to convey atmosphere. He makes you see, feel, and smell the seedy hotels and sleazy nightclubs in which Danny's uncle and aunt practice their second-rate mental act. But granting Mr. Wagoner all the talent in the world, he is still up against Danny Masters, and that leaves the author in the position of a hen cackling over a rotten egg. It does take a certain skill to lay even a rotten egg, but it takes even more to make someone want it.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

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(Continued from page 67)

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REGISTERED NURSE, young but experienced; comely but capable, seeks far horizons before settling down. Box O-325.

PHOTOGRAPHER-LINGUIST, Dartmouth grad, seeks responsible employment. Travel? Box O-318.

WOMAN, 24, attractive, single, traveled, B.A., career-minded, seeks challenging new position. Box O-310.

Ph.D. in music history, also extensive training in theory, adequate background in piano, desires college instructorship beginning September. Box O-327.

PERSONALS

CHRISTMAS CARDS from the Philadelphia Museum of Art. A unique selection of cards designed from original woodcuts, lithographs, paintings and sculpture by artists including Toulouse-Lautrec, Cassatt, Rodin and Titian. For illustrated catalogue, send 25¢ to The Museum Shop, Philadelphia Museum of Art, Parkway at 26th Street, Philadelphia 19101.

SECOND ANNUAL open juried poetry competition. Entry fee $2.00—includes copy of booklet containing 40 best poems, tiny cash prizes to winners, and public reading in Sharon, Connecticut, October 30th. For entry blank, write Sharon Creative Arts Foundation, Box 62, Sharon, Connecticut. Entries close September 25th.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

DIRECTOR OF PUBLICATIONS, religious international service organization, East coast office—involving administration, editing, writing of pamphlets, fliers, related material; also supervisory responsibility of three staff. Experience required. Starting salary $7,000 to $8,000; policy of annual merit increases; generous fringe benefits. Box O-331.

VOCATIONAL COORDINATOR to head up statewide program of vocational education. Experience in fields of education and industry. Salary open. Send resume of background and experience to: William P. Robinson, Jr., Commissioner of Education, Roger Williams Building, Providence, Rhode Island.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Farms, magnificent views. Acreage. Houses. Harold W. Ross, Realtor. Bondville. 802-824-6000.

SALTBOX HOUSE—6 rooms, 30 acres. Send for details. Richard T. Kemp, Long Hill, West Brookfield, Massachusetts.

VERMONT—year around picturebook home between Woodstock and Hanover, New Hampshire. $17,000. Box O-71.

For Sale—Furnished

4 BEDROOM COTTAGE, all conveniences, furnished. Lakefront, mountain view, near ski area, golf course. $8,800. Walter Lowell, Jr., Bridgton, Maine.

HYDE PARK, N.Y. 7 room saltbox, oil heat. Also barn 3 room apartment. 4 garages. 3 wells. Corner property, privacy, pine trees, 4½ acres. Extra buildings. $20,000. Weekdays 212-AT 9-0317, weekends 914-GR 1-0349.

For Rent—Furnished

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. Box N-778.

N.H. FARMHOUSE—360 degree view atop 400 acre hill. Automatic furnace; brand new kitchen, fireplace, dishwasher; study; dining room; 24 foot living room, fireplace; 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Private ¼ acre swimming pond. 17 miles Dartmouth College, Sunapee skiing. June through August or January through March $175 monthly; one year, $150 monthly. Telephone Claremont, N.H. 543-3840. Write F. Hier, Cornish Flat, N.H.

ON LOVELY ISLAND 120 miles from New York City. Two acres, oceanfront 3 bedroom house, September 10th-30th. Box O-312.

WELLESLEY FARMS, MASSACHUSETTS—3 minutes to pike. Unique secluded 3 twin bedroom Tudor, landscaped grounds. Tastefully decorated, newly furnished, modern kitchen, ample baths. $400 month. Live in attendant optional. Box O-94.

For Winter Rental

7 ACRES, charming house near Chicago. $150 monthly. Box O-316.

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HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

SCARSDALE—Large 4½ rooms near station. $225 monthly. 914-SC 3-7814.

APARTMENTS FOR EXCHANGE

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA—Apartment with pool for Manhattan apartment. September 20th-October 20th. Airmail P.O. Box 91, Montego Bay.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SUMMIT, N.J.—Quality lot bordering county reservation. Over 16,000 sq. ft. Utilities. New York commuting. Owner adjacent, seeks neighbors with quiet humours. $20,500. 201-273-7121, Box N-821.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Unique 5 acre setting. Unparalleled views of ocean. Private beach, tennis. SR Box N-734.

BERKSHIRE AREA. 3 to 10 acre homesites near Tanglewood, ski areas. 30 mile views, splendid seclusion, beautiful all seasons. Brochure. Overlook, Hillsdale, N.Y. 12529.

THIS MONTH'S SPECIAL—100 acre old semi-secluded farmstead, 3 bedrooms, fireplace, water, wired for power. Brook. Barn. Close to lakes. $4,000, taxes $84. Clyde I. Barrows, Franklin Realty Co., Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

NORTHERN MASSACHUSETTS. Near Vermont-New Hampshire ski areas, good hunting. 90 acre tract. $3,500. Box 0-335.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOKLET. "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 828-H, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

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TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts (Coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

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WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping, with good transportation. Meals, services, and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions; Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

VACATIONS

MONADNOCK REGION. Autumn is lovely here. Relax amidst towering pines. Private lodges, delicious food, lawn sports. Golf nearby. Open to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

NO COCKTAIL LOUNGE—the warmth of spirit obviates the need for spirits. Clean, comfortable guest accommodations, and a well-set table in a dining room that takes its beauty from breathtaking view of 7,500 mountaintop acres. All sports, including golf, tennis, boating, fishing . . . and more. Hay rides, cook-outs, nature walks, movies, ping-pong, children's programs, and so forth. AND lectures, seminars, workshops and other activities designed to refresh you culturally and spiritually. Not expensive, compared to other resorts. 450 guests; many of them get to be best of friends, and bring others. Come for a day—you'll be back! Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Dept. SR, New Paltz, N.Y. . . . 90 miles from NYC. 914-256-2211.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

WINDHAM HILL FARM. West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, packtrips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

CHAITS. Modern, Informal. Integrated. Art Classes. Swimming, Tennis, Folk Dancing, Day Camp. Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

WINDY HILL, RD, Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232.

QUIET SEASIDE ROOMS with complete breakfasts. Red Inn, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer Rates. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

LIGHTHOUSE INN. New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea but nothing else. Jewel box 52 room inn; private ocean beach. AAA, E.P. Write for color brochure SR.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

FLOOD BROOK HOUSE, Vermont, Route 11, midway between Peru and Londonderry. Cool, 1,600'—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 a day with dinner and breakfast (most people prefer lunch out). Come and try us—$6.50 overnight with a "real" breakfast, $5.00 without meals. Housekeeping apartment available. Gertrude and Robert Roessle. 802-824-5918.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. Famed resort, inn and cottages at edge of the great outdoors. Delicious Maine food, cocktail lounge. Magnificent fall foliage, scenery. No hay fever. Fly fishing. Deer, bear, partridge hunting. Open all year. AAA. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 12, Maine.

VACATIONS

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Colorful foliage. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA, Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

PRIDDY BROOK COTTAGE—Quiet, on hilltop, heart of Green Mountains—lovely foliage in fall. Send for folder. Mrs. L. Ondrejka, Sandgate, RFD, Arlington, Vermont. 802-375-2808.

WALKER'S WRINKLE, Brooklin, Maine, provides autumn vacationers with delicious cuisine, homelike atmosphere.

THE YODLER—Fall foliage, heated pool. Rooms, chalets, housekeeping. Stowe, Vermont.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS about our Berkshire deep-woods lakeside "hideaway" where informality, self-planned activity, friendliness have been de rigeur for 41 seasons. Open to September 27th. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

STUDIES ABROAD

TRULY GIFTED scholars, artists, teachers, students—live, work and study at world's outstanding international college (Chateau near Lausanne, Switzerland). Tutorials, discussions, seminars, lectures, concerts, the Humanities and Arts. October through June ($1,800 includes room, board and tuition). Address: Albert Schweitzer College, Corcelles s/Chavornay, Vaud, Switzerland.

TRAVEL

GLOBAL CIRCLE TOUR. Around the world in 60 days. Completely escorted, departures in September and October. $2,950. Dittmann Tours, Northfield, Minnesota.

SAIL AWAY on SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

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NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area. Only one block from non-stop subway to the World's Fair . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV. . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

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YACHT CRUISING INFORMATION BUREAU. Good selection comfortable cruising yachts—Caribbean, Greek Islands, French Rivers. Write, stating area information required, enclosing $1 for airmail reply. The International Marine Agency Limited, BCM/IMAL, London, W.C. 1.

MELBOURNE OR MARSEILLES? BEIRUT or BRAZILIA? We specialize in exclusive independent and escorted tours and cruises. Mrs. John Milliken, Go Travel, Inc., 200 Third Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

GO "NATIVE"—beachcomb, swim, explore Bahamas Outer Islands during 10 day cruise aboard modern Catamaran Schooner. From $175. Brochure. "Tropic Rover," P.O. Box 394-K, Naples, Florida.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1638

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. King of Israel for whom is named a very large drinking bowl.	183 20 178 28 111 137 146 65
B. Most peculiar.	194 208 62 157 180 144
C. Describing the colloquial "pig in a poke" (2 wds.)	33 116 109 12 163 154 131 190 90 198 147
D. Obliterate.	118 29 55 155 121 81
E. Mental disorder in general.	11 185 27 187 63 119 47 99 32 124 85
F. Foe, often victim, of the orthodox.	87 152 31 95 102 130 174
G. Unsuitably sleepless period (2 wds.)	86 42 204 96 49 61 22 132 69 193
H. A figure impressed by lightning on a body or material.	106 191 143 199 184 129 45 36 211 162 4 195
I. One adjective which might describe a flower, the dawn, or specify the spoonbill of Florida.	172 133 40 164 128 52 125
J. Nitrogenous compound sometimes called murexan.	113 76 168 46 181 92
K. Triangular figure in decoration.	210 84 51 153 34 75 114 21 66
L. Compositeness; intricacy.	145 8 179 19 115 59 50 77 39 159
M. Like barking.	2 201 48 150 14 26 107 73
N. Island capital, familiar name to Princeton men.	167 60 9 80 142 64
O. Inedible parts of a butchered animal.	97 58 117 203 7
P. Transference of disease germs from an infected to a well person.	197 209 44 186 6 23 200
Q. Somewhat like a religious recluse.	43 24 83 126 166 171 13 160 103
R. Describing a leaf with rounded divisions.	158 93 148 72 176 88
S. Feature of a serrated edge.	57 207 165 149 108 41 70 182 25 140 100
T. Appearing to have a spinning motion.	94 123 89 112 169 104 68
U. Founder of large, famous horse market in 18th-cent. London, used as headquarters for credit betting on races.	78 110 156 161 3 71 101 173 16 56
V. Beverage made of beer and ginger ale.	205 5 30 105 151 53 35 196 134 141
W. Surgical instrument for dividing the cornea in cataract operations.	139 177 202 135 175 10 98 188
X. Functional nervous disorders.	67 37 18 138 206 170 122 192
Y. Yawning; drowsy.	54 38 91 79 74 15 120 1
Z. Spins a web or cocoon.	136 127 189 82 212 17

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

							1 Y	2 M	3 U		4 H	5 V	6 P	7 O	8 L	9 N	10 W							
11 E	12 C	13 Q	14 M	15 Y	16 U		17 Z	18 X	19 L	20 A	21 K	22 G	23 P	24 Q	25 S	26 M	27 E							
	28 A	29 D		30 V	31 F	32 E		33 C	34 K	35 V	36 H	37 X	38 Y	39 L	40 I		41 S							
42 G	43 Q		44 P	45 H	46 J	47 E	48 M	49 G	50 L	51 K	52 I	53 V		54 Y	55 D		56 U							
57 S	58 O	59 L		60 N	61 G	62 B		63 E	64 N	65 A	66 K	67 X		68 T	69 G	70 S	71 U							
72 R	73 M	74 Y	75 K	76 J		77 L	78 U		79 Y	80 N		81 D	82 Z	83 Q	84 K	85 E	86 G							
87 F	88 R	89 T	90 C		91 Y	92 J	93 R	94 T	95 F		96 G	97 O		98 W	99 E	100 S	101 U							
	102 F	103 Q	104 T	105 V	106 H	107 M	108 S	109 C		110 U	111 A	112 T	113 J	114 K		115 L	116 C							
117 O	118 D		119 E	120 Y	121 D	122 X		123 T	124 E	125 I		126 Q	127 Z	128 I	129 H	130 F	131 C							
132 G		133 I	134 V		135 W		136 Z	137 A	138 X	139 W		140 S	141 V		142 N	143 H	144 B							
	145 L	146 A	147 C		148 R	149 S		150 M	151 V	152 F	153 K	154 C	155 D	156 U	157 B	158 R	159 L							
	160 Q	161 U	162 H	163 C	164 I	165 S		166 Q	167 N		168 J	169 T	170 X	171 Q	172 I	173 U	174 F							
175 W		176 R	177 W	178 A	179 L	180 B		181 J	182 S		183 A	184 H	185 E	186 P		187 E	188 W							
189 Z	190 C	191 H	192 X		193 G	194 B		195 H	196 V	197 P	198 C		199 H	200 P	201 M		202 W							
203 O	204 G	205 V	206 X	207 S		208 B	209 P	210 K	211 H	212 Z														

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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HOW TO GO FAR THIS FALL OR WINTER & BE RICH!

1. The most basic of basic rules for being rich is: Try to avoid being poor. And so, save yourself a small fortune; look at the low prices of these Alitalia Sunny Holidays. (As low as $459!) **2.** Think rich. Think of how you'd rather go to Europe or Africa than just South again this Fall or Winter. (Take another look at those low prices.) **3.** Act rich. Don't be one of the herd. Off-season travelers get the best of everything: best selection of rooms, food, services, tables, tickets, seats, opera, theater, guides, sightseeing, bargains. **4.** Invest wisely. For the price of a stamp (or a call to your travel agent) you can get all the Alitalia tour folders you want, each one full of inside information—the real differences in hotels, transportation, sightseeing, meals, transfers, rates, etc. Just reading one is an enriching experience. **5.** Keep your eyes open for Valuable Opportunities. Say, is that Alitalia coupon still down there? If it is—grab it!

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For 15 days! The travel bargain of the season—especially when you add up all the arrangements that we've made for you. Jet non-stop to Lisbon; then visit Fatima, Coimbra, Salamanca, Madrid, Granada, Seville and Monte Gordo! ☐

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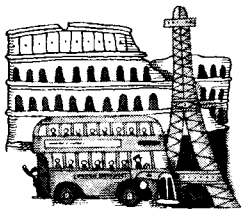
Take 19 days to see Africa while it's still Africa. But do it right. Take Alitalia and a good camera. Many extensions available. East Africa. West Africa. South Africa. Egypt. Ethiopia. The big danger is: you'll run out of film! ☐



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21 days so breathtaking, we advise you to take a more restful vacation soon as you're home. London! Paris! Venice! Florence! Rome! Madrid! Toledo! Lisbon! Theater! Night Clubs! Excitement! Romance! Calories! Plus: Alitalia! ☐

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SR-828

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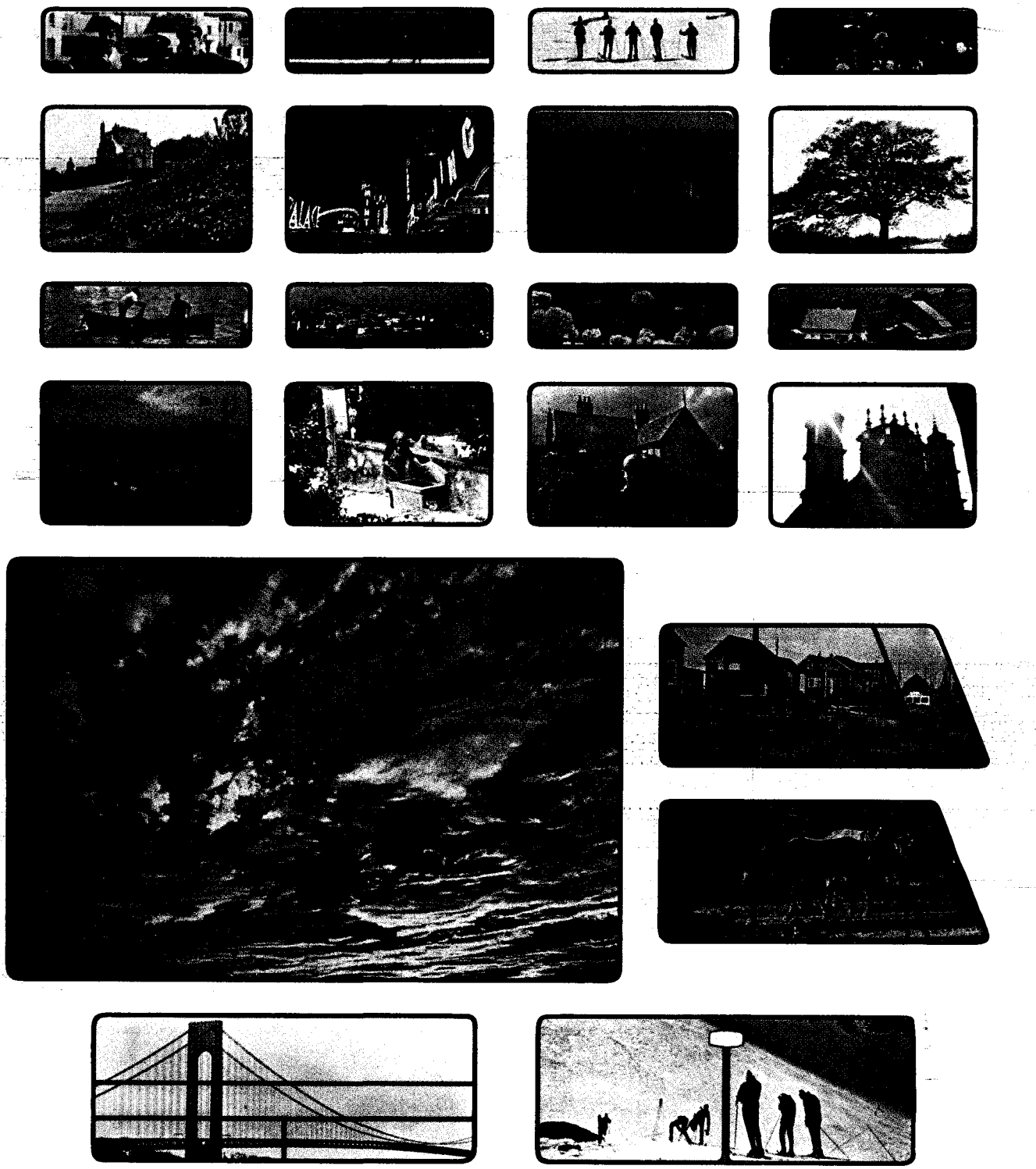


The Volkswagen Station Wagon comes with 21 views to choose from.

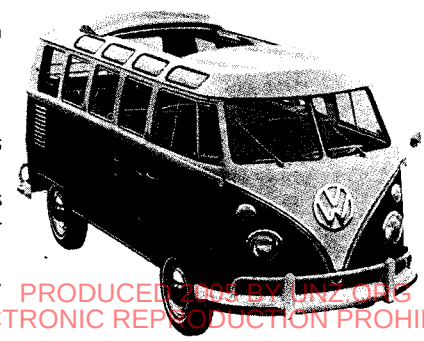
This is what the world looks like from the inside of a VW Station Wagon.

There are 21 windows all around. And a 14-square-foot hole in the roof.

So each of your nine passengers gets 2⅓ views apiece.

(The VW has twice as much room as most wagons, so we have room for a lot more windows.)

The best seat in the house is right behind the steering wheel.



There's no hood in front to look over because the VW engine sits in back.

(This design not only lets you see better; it lets you park easier. Our Wagon is only 9 inches longer than our Sedan.)

And the extra time you spend looking at scenery comes from the time you don't spend looking for gas. (23 mpg on regular is about average.)

Who knows? After you've looked out of one, you may want to look into one.

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